

Week ending July 9 1949

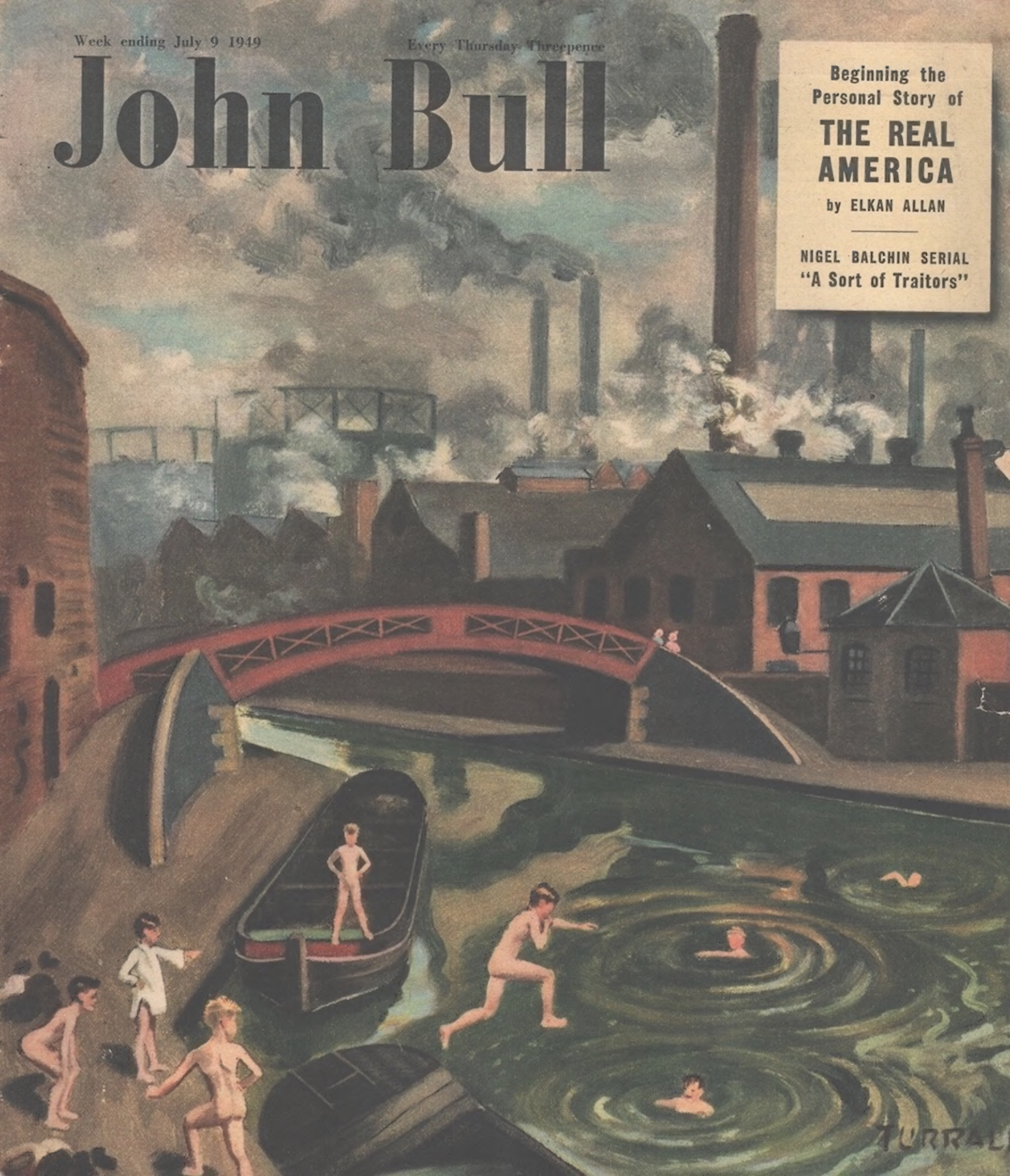
Every Thursday Threepence

John Bull

Beginning the
Personal Story of
**THE REAL
AMERICA**

by ELKAN ALLAN

NIGEL BALCHIN SERIAL
"A Sort of Traitors"



TURRAL

Stomach pain AFTER EATING . . .

. . . can make every meal a misery. You dread that gripping ache in your stomach after you have eaten—that feeling of never being really well. Excess acid in your stomach takes the pleasure out of eating.

Rennies give swift, sure relief. Two tablets, sucked slowly, one after another, neutralize stomach acid *naturally*, drip-by-drip—and there's no danger of the over-alkalization that provokes further acids.

If Rennies don't relieve that stomach trouble, then it's time you saw a doctor!

You should carry handily-wrapped Rennies everywhere you go, ready to take at the first sign of trouble. You can get them from all chemists—25 for 9d., 50 for 1/5, or in large economy size, 100 for 2/8 (including tax).

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for happy stomachs



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EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs and other articles which have been approved by our experts are marked → In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.



Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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When we're holidaying, week-ending, touring—enjoying the best of summer—then above all we want to be well. We will be—if we avoid the upset that a sudden change can cause. This is where 'ASPRO' quickly comes to our aid—by warding off seaside chills or rheumatic twinges, sleeplessness due to overstrain or excitement, muscular aches, sun glare headaches, hot weather discomfort and weariness. So no matter how tightly you pack your bag or rucksack, keep a tiny corner for 'ASPRO'. For daily use tear off a few tablets and keep in pocket or purse.

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a lovely colour



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E D I T O R I A L

Power plans need not spoil the valleys

MANY MILLIONS OF future holidays may be affected by the outcome of a struggle which is now going on in and around Westminster.

If one side wins, the scenery of the future National Park of North Wales will be drastically changed in order to provide electricity for the farms and factories of western Britain. If the other side wins, the mountains of Snowdonia will stay wild and untouched—a pure holidayland for climbers, hikers and motor-coach excursionists alike.

Natural beauty or the pressing claims of the nation's industrial bank balance? Which is it to be?

There is a big principle at stake here, and how it is decided will settle in advance the fate of other scenic areas where people seek health and recreation away from the everlasting steel and concrete of modern industry.

Two Government departments are in collision over it. The Ministry of Fuel and Power wants to increase the nation's electricity supplies without using more coal. The Ministry of Town and Country Planning wants to set up National Parks which will preserve beauty and wild life for the people for all time.

In Great Britain there are only three areas where electricity can be generated in commercial quantities by using hydro-electric power. They are the Highlands of Scotland, the Lake District of Cumberland, Westmorland and Lancashire, and Wales, especially the mountains of Snowdonia.

Each of these areas has a very high rainfall. Each has high land which collects that rainfall in bogs, tarns and lakes and sends it down to the sea along steep, turbulent rivers and waterfalls.

THE only reason why all this potential power—pure waste from the civil engineer's point of view—has not been tapped earlier is that this country once had ample coal supplies. It has always been cheaper and easier to burn coal in the boiler-rooms of our power stations than to build dams, conduits and pipelines in remote mountain fastnesses.

Other nations, such as France, which has not enough coal, and Switzerland and Italy, which have no coal at all, developed their hydro-electric power on a huge scale forty or fifty years ago. The thriving industries of Milan and Turin, for example, are run almost entirely from the melting glaciers and snowfields of the Alps which tower to the northward.

Now Britain, too, is at last short of coal. If we can use less of it at home,

we can export more—and this is one export for which there is always a seller's market. So the electricity authorities and their engineers are looking westward at the rainy ranges which have hitherto made no contribution to the national wealth except holidays, mutton and wool.

First result has been the great Scottish hydro-electric scheme, now well on the way to completion.

Fierce protests against this scheme were overridden. It was widely feared that many a lovely glen would be ruined scenically.

On balance, it must be recorded that those fears have not been justified. But the protests served their purpose. They put the engineers on their mettle to prove that they could build a hydro-electric installation in a lovely valley without serious harm.

But it is not safe to argue from Scotland to the Lakes and Snowdonia. The Highlands cover an enormous area. Half a dozen glens could be spared to national need. But the English and Welsh mountains are very small groups. You can motor right round each of them in a morning.

THAT is why there will be a bitter struggle before the hydro-electric engineers get their way here—if they do.

In North Wales their plans mean gravely altering the scenery. The great Nant Ffrancon valley, stretching between the Glyder and Carnedd ranges northwards to Bethesda and the sea, is to be flooded. Its farms and its wide, flat floor, contrasting magnificently with the wild, steep mountains, will disappear.

And over the passes in Nant Gwynant, loveliest valley of all Wales, with crags and forests and two natural lakes, are to be built no fewer than four power stations. Are they necessary? If so, can they be constructed so as to give little offence to the eye?

We have never wavered in our support for the National Parks scheme. But we believe, in view of the serious economic difficulties this country still faces, that even the North Wales National Park will have to contribute its quota to our power supplies.

In the circumstances, it would be unreasonable to try to block the hydro-electric plan altogether. But every device and every care known to engineering skill must be used to ensure that the installations interfere with the scenery as little as possible.

Planning Minister Lewis Silkin has just set a reasonable limit to quarrying on the Caernarvonshire mountains called the Rivals, so as to save their grandeur. He can and must do the same in Snowdonia.

JOHN BULL 186 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1

JULY 9, 1949 VOLUME 86 NUMBER 2245 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAFAS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON



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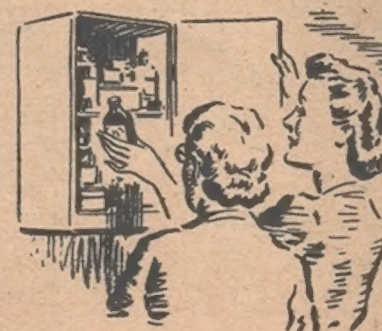


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WOMEN HAD TO QUEUE FOR THE TRUTH!

**How New Millions Discovered
what Washes Whitest**

THEY PLUMP FOR PERSIL!

MILLIONS more women have now discovered the truth about washing powders! And, oddly enough, it was the soap shortage and the queues that did it.

For years women have had to buy whichever soap powder they could get. And they've discovered, beyond all shadow of doubt, what washes whitest. It's Persil!

Back in '39, millions knew this already. Now millions more know it!

The actual figures are shown in a door-to-door enquiry just completed. This enquiry indicated that more than half the housewives in the country would choose Persil—a staggering total of over 7 million! *

DO YOU REMEMBER?

**MUM THOUGHT JOY'S NIGHTIE
REALLY WHITE.**



This advertisement appeared in 1939, when millions were already using Persil. It helped to spread the amazing truth about Persil. Even so, many housewives frankly refused to believe the advertisement could be true—until the soap shortage developed! Then they proved it for themselves!



"SORRY, MADAM..."

For years women have had to buy whatever soap powder they could get. This experience has been valuable! More than half the housewives in the country now say, "It's Persil that washes whitest!"

HOW TO GET YOUR PERSIL

Ask your grocer for Persil now. If he is out of stock, ask him to order more for you.

Yes, he can get some more now! So be quick and tell him you want Persil!

WHY PERSIL WASHES WHITEST

There's a scientific reason why Persil is best for whiteness. Persil suds are active against deep dirt.

Millions of tiny oxygen bubbles search out every particle of grime, grease and soiling, and shift it clean away.

And Persil is so gentle. Persil's whiteness is real cleanliness! That's why Persil brings coloureds up so beautifully, too. Use Persil for the whole wash!

*** 7 MILLION WOMEN NOW SAY**

PERSIL WASHES WHITER!

PER 1170-201

Free Speech

**MEN WHO LOOK FOR WOMEN'S JOBS; ARE WORKS COMMITTEES
REPRESENTATIVE? WHY THERE ARE NO NICE-SHAPED LOAVES**

I WAS SURPRISED to read the letter from "W. D.," of Swansea ("Free Speech," June 18), complaining that work is provided for women but not for men. Much foreign labour is employed in Swansea because of the shortage of labour in the heavy industries. In the tinplate industry, training mills are in operation for newcomers. But, in spite of this, mills are idle because we simply can't get the men.

Too many men are running around the new trading estates, looking for women's work in toy factories. "W. D." could start work in any tinplate works, but, however "intelligent, adaptable and keen" he is, there is one other essential: he must have guts, as it's arduous work and a man's job.—W. J. DAVIES, 6 Dinns Street, Landore, Swansea.

"W. D.'s" letter confirms what I have suspected for a long time: that men, for the sake of their own preservation in the labour market, must go all out for equal pay for men and women. The only reason why female labour is in such demand is that it is lower paid.—JOHN WILLIAMS, 3 Granmere Street, Aber-tillery, Mon.

Technicians Kept Out

YOUR EDITORIAL, "Making the Best of All Our Brains" (JOHN BULL, June 18), mentions works committees and joint production councils as examples of co-operation to boost output. But it is my experience that this does not work out in practice. I have found that the very people who would be of most service to such committees, such as draughtsmen, engineers and staff technicians, are not allowed to take part.—EDWARD PATTERSON, 11 Sedgwick Avenue, North Hillingdon, Middlesex.

Baking Loses Its Skill

NICE SHAPED LOAVES, such as Ethel James writes about ("Free Speech," June 11), were once the pride of the bakery craftsman. But the skilled men are fast leaving the trade because of the curse of continuous night work. More than half of the bread-making staffs these days are unskilled and incapable of moulding these special shapes. The baker is forced to use moulding machines.—J. H. HARRIS, 53 Groby Road, Leicester.

Help Through The Lock

MANY THANKS TO JOHN PUDNEY for his Marticle (JOHN BULL, June 18) telling everybody that lock-keepers are not all surly. I am one of them, and we do try to help people using the river, especially those who are not very skilled.

Incidentally, the annual registration fee for a rowing boat is 10s. 6d., and not 30s. as Mr. Pudney says. A three-year registration is 30s.—A. G. ROUSE, Lock-keeper, Northmoor Lock, Appleton, near Abingdon, Berks.

Sportsmen's Heads High

LESLIE HOLDEN IS WRONG in saying L ("Free Speech," June 18) that our tennis decline is due to snobbery existing

in clubs. We have a grand tennis club here and I've not met any snobs, nor do I think I am one. By the way, cricket is not a snob's game in this part of Yorkshire, either.—MISS JEAN LAMB, 22 Vine Street, Norton, Malton, Yorks.

Footballers are not the only British sportsmen who can hold their heads high. Racing cyclists also have cause to feel proud of themselves.—N.C.U. MEMBER.

Bowls players, too, can keep their heads up. There is more sociability and less money in bowls than in any other game.—A. E. YOUNG, 29 Victoria Road, Oulton Broad, Lowestoft.

For sportsmanship, chess players rank highest. Through the game, I have many friends of all classes.—W. J. CHARTERS, Hon. Sec., Muswell Hill Chess Club, London, N.10.

As Others See Us

EVERY photogra-phic studio should have a mirror hung in such a way that the victim can see her own face. We should then see fewer of the forced, unnatural grimaces which are such a shock when the proofs arrive.—MISS PAMELA GREEN, 4 Cecil Terrace, Stamford, Lincs.



Miss Pamela Green

Removing Bee Stings

AS A BEEKEEPER who is allergic to bee Apoison, I think Dr. Harvey Graham comes unstuck for once when advising the removal of bee stings with tweezers. This method only forces the poison from the poison sac into the wound. The edge of a knife can flick the sting out without causing further trouble.—ERNEST ASHLEY, Buttery Lane, Skegby, Mansfield, Notts.

Dr. Harvey Graham writes: Once you have been stung by a bee, most of the poison already is in the wound. But it is true that, clumsily handled, the tweezers might press in a little more. If, however, the tweezers are used carefully this form of extraction is very effective.

Giving And Taking

DEPENDANTS OF SONS serving in the Forces are being treated very unfairly. I am an invalid. My son allots 10s. 6d. weekly from his pay and the Army authorities make this up to 25s. The Assistance Board takes 15s. weekly from me because of this, which leaves me only 10s. of it. Yet my son allots 10s. 6d.

If my son were to send me the 10s. 6d. direct, the Assistance Board would give me more and if he allowed me nothing at all I would get it from the Board. If I applied for a National Service grant, the Assistance Board would take it all.—A. RUSSELL, 7 Lunt Avenue, Whiston, Prescott, Lincs.

John Bull welcomes readers' views, experiences and ideas for publication. A guinea is paid for every letter used. Mark the envelope "Free Speech" and make sure your full name and address is in the letter.

*"You naughty children—
you ought
to be asleep!"*

NANCY'S right, you know. Growing children do need plenty of sleep and "early to bed" is a good rule for them.

All during the day they are using up energy—far more than most grown-ups do. At night this energy must be restored or they'll soon get overtired and strained. That is where the value of Horlicks comes in. For Horlicks nourishes the tired system, soothes away tension of highly-strung nerves, helps to build up fresh reserves of energy.



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Modern
attractive design

Easiest to clean

Fast boiling-plates

Large oven, automatically controlled even temperature (no cold or hot spots)

Separately heated plate warming drawer (extra)

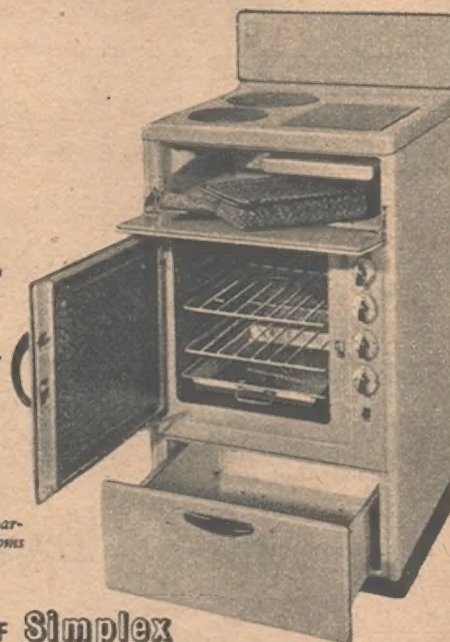
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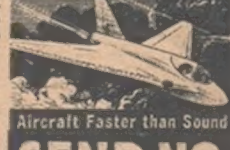
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J.W.I./L.S.A. 9/7/49.

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Taxes paid last year

Football Pools	£12,000,000
Racecourse Totalisators	NIL
Horseracing on or off the course	NIL
Totalisator Agents off the course	NIL
Football Fixed Odds	NIL

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CUTS AND ABRASIONS HEAL NATURALLY IF YOU carry on using the injured part. Elastoplast stretches with every movement yet adheres firmly in place, like an extra protective skin. That's 'Elastoplast-icity' and all Elastoplast dressings have it. It keeps you going at work and play. Now, besides the familiar Elastoplast Fabric dressings, there is the new Waterproof Elastoplast. This keeps cuts dry while you're busy in water, oil or grease. It's got 'Elastoplast-icity' too. Both are in RED TINS.

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these!

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White Lions

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Aquatic Park, San Francisco: Dorotheen and Elkan Allan set out from mobile home. "We were trying to decide whether to stay in America"

THE REAL AMERICA

by ELKAN ALLAN

We went to see for ourselves

Since today we are so closely linked with the U.S.A., we must get to know America and the Americans as we get to know personal friends.

A young Briton, Elkan Allan, and his wife toured the States from coast to coast—not in luxury but in an old bus. They saw shacks as well as skyscrapers. They mixed with Americans in their homes. Here's their story

"COLORED MEN," said the sign on the door of the rest-room. I was standing on Norris Dam, one of the achievements of the Tennessee Valley Authority, most spectacular child of the New Deal, which brought electricity to millions, stopped floods and conserved uncounted acres of soil.

And here, upon America's pride, was evidence of America's shame. For this was the South, where Negroes are still slaves, in fact if not in theory. Where "coloured men" are a group outside humanity.

As we drove down America, heading for the Gulf Coast, we saw the windowless shacks where large families of Negroes gathered on the brokendown porches. Near Atlanta, in the middle of Georgia, our water tank sprang a leak and we stopped at the tinsmith's in Gainesville. As we walked round the town, we saw that an election was near and the posters were up. "Vote for the Candidate who Stands for White Supremacy," read one.

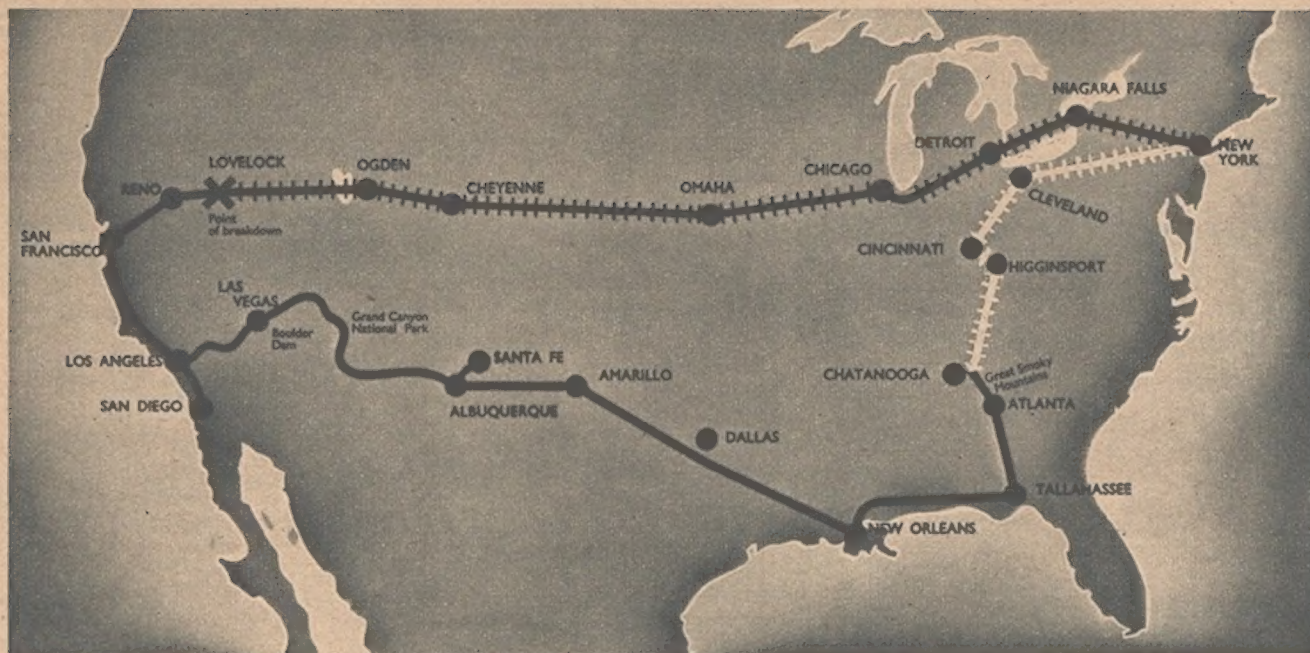
Lounging at every street corner were rough, un-

shaven young and old men who might have stepped out of the villain's gang in a Western movie. Many carried guns and looked at us through narrowed, suspicious eyes. The contrast between them and the mild gossips of an English village was alarming. The thought that these were the gentry who organized lynchings sent a shiver down my back.

The tinsmith, hearing that we were from England, asked: "Did you have Nigger G.I.s in England during the war?" We said we did. "Why didn't you kill 'em off while you had 'em?" he asked, and spat.

There was obviously no arguing with him, but we had a more reasonable discussion with another member of the firm. "This is a tolerant county," he said. "Sure, we got the Ku Klux Klan here—and they threatened me with beating up if I didn't join 'em—but we ain't like the next county, which don't allow a coloured man inside its boundaries, not even on a cart in a chicken coop.

"You can get along in the South so long as your religion or your race ain't against you. Jews? We had one here a few years back. He ran a store. We



Route of the Allans' American journey. White line shows first lap. Main part of trip—in bus-turned-caravan—is ahead

just gave him an hour to git out. He got; and we never saw him again."

We shivered and drove on. When we stopped in the main square of the next small town, the kids came crowding round our bright yellow bus. A boy of about nine, typically aggressive, dressed in blue jeans and a brightly striped "beany" hat, climbed up the steps and asked: "Say, do you live in here?"

We said we did. "Where'ya going?" he asked. New Orleans, we said. Then California; then—well, we just didn't know where after that.

He looked at the curtains flapping out of the window, the food on the table, Dorothea in slacks and me with a red beard. "Say, are you part of a circus?" he asked. "Do you tell fortunes? Do you put on a show?"

"No," we said. "We're not giving a show. We're just looking."

Quite what we were looking for we did not know. Perhaps for a place to live; perhaps rather for a reason for living there. We were young and English, trying to decide whether we wanted to stay in America.

Jumping-off Ground

We had been staying with Wesley Love, an American airman we had met during the war. Now, like the pioneers in their covered wagons, we were heading into unknown country, to see for ourselves. We had always regarded Higgsport, the village where our friend had his house, as a jumping-off ground for the rest of America.

People there were kindly, and curious about us. The little old men who continually warmed themselves at the great stove in Harry Brown's general store would move aside and offer a share of warmth to the two strangers from across a sea that none of them would ever look upon.

Jimmy Wilson, star player of the basketball team, who served behind the grocery counter when he was not at school, would leap out and open the door with the aggressive politeness of the embryonic American salesman. And Harry himself, monopolist though he was in the tiny town, would never allow us, or any other customer, to finish a list of purchases without a ringing "And what else?" which forced us to buy something extra.

Besides Harry, the most important persons in Higgsport were George the

marshal and "Cheese" the postmaster. George was not quite a policeman, and wore no uniform; but he could be seen at all hours of the day and night, dragging his huge body round Higgsport to see if all was well.

He did a bit of ploughing on the side, and would always ask us the same question: "Well, whadya think of our little place, huh?" He had only one clash with a criminal while we were there, when he ran out of town a man who was passing dud cheques.

"Cheese" sat alone all day in his post office, handing out mail. Towards six in the evening, people would come to their doors and listen for the long, lonely whistle of the train on the other side of the Ohio River. Soon a representative from each household would be in or outside the post office, watching the river for the first sign of the rowing-boat bringing their letters.

I used to attend the ceremony of sorting the mail most evenings, and came to know the regular attenders quite well. There were "Bones" and "Sidey" and "Shorty," and there was a young girl of about fourteen who walked with the aid of a crutch. She was dressed almost in rags and the bare, ugly stump of her amputated leg hung below her skirts. She would turn away, too embarrassed to speak, whenever I said hallo. Though she played with the rest of the children, she could not keep up with them when they ran about.

Appalled by the sight of this wretchedness in a community where farmers had new Packard limousines, I inquired if nothing could be done to help her. No, there was no Federal or

State aid for such people. Her family would have to provide her with a false leg if they wanted her to have one. The people of Higgsport had taken up a collection when she had fallen into the mower that cut off her leg, but her parents were no-goods and hadn't spent the money on the kid.

So she lived a broken life, and I saw her most often stumping along by the side of a Negro child, another outcast. There were only a couple of Negro families in the village, and they were not actively discriminated against. But they were not part of the mainstream of life there, and the Southerners who lived in Higgsport actively despised them.

Slaves Found Refuge

The South began on the other bank of the river, in Kentucky, and Higgsport had been one of the many little towns on the border to which Negro slaves had fled into safety. Eliza, in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, had supposedly run across the ice a few miles down the river, and the traditions of freedom were still strong.

Our host's house, like most in the Middle West, was a wooden frame building, painted white, with a porch. It had many large rooms and a garden in the front. There was no fence of any kind, and little privacy, but I found this absence of barriers between houses and people a refreshing change from English extreme isolation.

This friendly contrast is carried further in most American houses by the absence of a shut-in front hall. Immediately behind the front door was a large frame which should have enclosed a wall but,

instead, allowed one to look straight into the living-room.

In the middle of many living-rooms are foot-wide holes in the floor, covered with grids. It was in the Giffords' home in the little town of Ripley—Bob and Geraldine Gifford were lifelong friends of our host—that I first saw such a hole. When I cautiously bent over to look down it, a gush of hot air almost burnt me and I jumped back in surprise.

It opened on to the cellar, where a furnace blazed day and night to heat the house by the primitive means of this hole in the floor. I would have been frightened to let a child play near it, but their little girl played quite happily over it, using it as a centre for her games.

The Giffords turned out to be a very typical small-town family, with their four-roomed bungalow on the main highway. Bob had worked before the war in the shoe factory down the road, which, together with the tobacco warehouses, accounted for the prosperity of the small town. He had flown a bomber during the war and had invested his gratuity to start up as an insurance agent.

He had a 1941 Oldsmobile, a balance in the bank, and a determination not to get mixed up in another war. He wasn't too keen on Marshall Aid for Europe, but felt a responsibility towards the rest of the world—so long as it didn't affect him personally. He had just bought a new radio set with a wire-recorder attachment, on which he recorded jazz from the radio and the voices of his wife and child.

Geraldine was one of the organizers of the Ripley Young Wives' Club. Members met in each other's houses every week to discuss child psychology, and to gossip. In her kitchen-cum-dining-room, she had a washing machine and was considering whether to install a mechanical "pig" which fitted under the sink and pulped all left-over food, including bones.

She had a huge refrigerator, in which she kept almost everything an English housewife would keep in the larder, including eggs and cookies (biscuits), but did not need the deep-freeze unit in which many American housewives have to keep meat and other food fresh for six months at a time, because in the town of Ripley there was a public cold-locker, where every family had a cupboard. So Geraldine bought her meat by the carcass and had whatever portion she wished cut off it when she needed it.

Favourite Drink

She cooked by bottled gas. Even in the big cities much cooking is done this way, because most towns are too new to have bothered to lay gas pipes when electricity was readily available.

The Giffords drank whisky more than their English equivalents do, and getting drunk is not a disgrace in American polite society. But their main drink was probably Coca-Cola. "Coke" has an almost totemistic rôle in the American civilization. Chiefly due to an ubiquitous advertising campaign, it has become part of the way of life.

The proprietors apparently supply any business with unlimited advertising signs free of charge, as long as the words Coca-Cola appear prominently on them. As a result, half the stores in a small town blare "Coca-Cola" at you. I even saw a sign which said: "Mortician—Coca-Cola." The sickly, bile-coloured liquid can be seen in every ice-box; and part of the daily round in Higgsport was to step into the Chimney Corner restaurant and have a "Coke."

I soon grew into the habit and would go to the ice-box in the dazzling modern kitchen in the Loves' house two or three times a day to help myself.

At first, I think, Wesley Love and his

Continued on page 29

MORE COPIES OF JOHN BULL

THERE are now more copies of *John Bull* available. As a result of the improvement in paper supplies, we hope to be able to print a copy for everyone who wants to become a regular reader.

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ORDER YOURS IN ADVANCE

Mr. Nurse makes good

by BARBARA VISE

Prejudice has still to be overcome. But male nurses have already taken over one hospital job in five. Some patients say that they have a gentler touch than women

STAFF NURSE JAMES SMITH is in charge of a medical ward in a London hospital, with seven nurses (six women and one man), two orderlies and thirty-two beds for male patients. He works a forty-eight hour week, besides sitting up late at home some nights, working out the intricacies of the "off-duty" rota.

During the day he keeps one eye on the clock, to send nurses off to their lectures when they fall due; the other is concerned with line: a *straight* line of beds when the junior nurses and orderlies have tidied the ward after breakfast and brought in the flowers.

For Smith belongs to the rapidly expanding commando of men who are storming the nursing profession.

There were over 25,000 male nurses in all types of hospital by the end of 1948. They comprise already over a fifth of the nurses in our hospitals and their numbers are racing up as the idea catches on. During the last four years they have increased 100 per cent.

Three things account for the big push forward: there are not enough women to carry all the extra new nursing jobs; ex-Service nursing orderlies are drawn to civilian nursing; men, once over the habit of seeing this as a woman's job, find it a fully satisfactory life.

But Not Midwifery

They have not yet moved in on all the women's jobs. There are no male nurses in midwifery, though male nurse tutors teach female student nurses gynaecology; nor in health visiting; nor, as a rule, nursing women—though one says that he is "always getting roped in to do their plasters" for the old ladies in his hospital. He claims that the old ladies vote that men have a lighter touch for the job than women.

When the ward doctor makes his rounds, Nurse Smith goes with him, carries each patient's papers, notes all treatments in a little book as the doctor prescribes and later sends for the drugs from the dispensary, notifies the X-ray department of any work for them, and is responsible for carrying out the treatments at the right hour.

He has to think about the patients' food two days ahead, and send the diet slips that much in advance to the catering department. He supervises every dinner served as it comes from the stove and the nurse carries it to each patient. You can't risk a mistake with a duodenal or diabetic case.

"No, I don't keep any list. I know all my patients."

Smith's wife is a nurse herself, and

"judging by the way my little daughter nurses her dolls, it looks as if *she* will be one, too."

Five of the "new boys" in training at one of the London hospitals are ex-Service. They have only had six months at the game, but it has already taught them a lot of strange new facts about the human race.

"It's funny; patients like you to say good morning to them individually; leave one out by accident and he gets quite angry. When I was first on night duty, too, it made me laugh at the number of old patients who would wake up saying they hadn't slept a wink. . . ."

"Hospital routine may be easy enough but it is all the things a nurse must *know* that make it difficult. If we get through our exams, we hope we five are in it for life. Some of us want to get into the operating theatre; the others are out for district nursing. . . ."

Ex-Regular Soldier

It is in this direction that men have made one of their biggest, quickest hits. They have come into district nursing only within the last two years, but already eighty-eight of them are making themselves invaluable and popular wherever they go. Most of their work is with old people and children. One of them, once a Regular Army soldier, has now been working for about a year.

"This is a job that certainly gets you," he says. "You feel you are being useful; you see results and get plenty of fresh air pushing round on a bicycle."

"One of my more embarrassing cases was a small boy of three. I had to give him penicillin injections and they are not very nice. Everywhere he saw me, even in the street, he took his full revenge, calling out loudly: 'Big, bad man!' And neither sweets nor smiles would mollify him."

Three Hard Years

Male students training for State Registration follow the same syllabus as women do but do not take gynaecology. They put in three hard years of practical and theoretical training and if they get their State Registered Nurse Certificate, can go ahead for such qualifications as Male Tutor's Certificate and Diploma in Nursing.

As short a time back as 1943 it was unheard of for even a qualified male tutor to be employed as a teacher.

There are thirty of them now. Among them is John Sayer, D.N., S.R.N., present chairman of the Society of Registered Male Nurses, who was the first male nurse to break that old tradi-



John Sayer, first to break a tradition, instructs men and girl students

tion. Today he teaches both men and women nursing students.

"Before I became a nurse," he says, "I was a watch and clock repairer, but I couldn't get on with the sitting still. I did three years' voluntary work in one of the hospitals as a rover scout and found it gradually taking up more and more time till there were often nights and weekends when I never went home at all."

"At last, one of the doctors said to me why didn't I do the thing properly and train as a nurse. I went right in and right on."

"I shall never forget a moment before I started my training, when a nurse said to me: 'Are you afraid of death?' I thought she was asking after my spiritual state, but she wanted me to help her take a body to the mortuary. It was a cold, snowy, blowy night and as we crossed the courtyard the sheet blew away."

"It was in the stern old days of discipline, too, that I remember a party of mixed students back late at the hospital after a dance. While someone kept the porter talking, the girls threw their frocks over their heads for disguise and dashed in. Discipline isn't so strict nowadays."

Nursing runs in families as a rule.

Most of the men, it seems, as you talk to them, have either married nurses or have aunts, cousins, mothers in the profession. The superintendent nurse of an isolation hospital is the son of an early male nurse. He married a nurse and has a sister who is a nurse.

What To Call Them?

The male nurses are still looking for a title equivalent to "matron." (Mental hospitals already have an equivalent in "chief male nurse.") A prize was offered among themselves for suggestions but it is reported that there were only two entrants.

At a discussion on the subject, someone murmured: "A rose by any other name. . . ." At the moment this particular rose has not blossomed in any tuberculosis, fever, orthopaedic or general hospital.

No title-makers have caught up, either, with people like R. V. Moore, who, to quote the *Male Nurses' Journal*, has been appointed "theatre sister" at the Westminster branch of Moorfield's, Westminster and Central Eye Hospitals—he was successful in obtaining first place in the examination in ophthalmic nursing with 215 marks out of a possible 250. He was the only male candidate.

"A MOTOR CAR? A fine motor car? Of course it's a fine motor car! What did you expect them to arrive in? A rickshaw? Or a honeycart? My poor Huyu, that is not the way of conquerors. They must do things in style—at the other person's expense. You can't see whom . . . ? Out of the way, radish! If it was your house that interlopers were taking possession of, I'll wager you'd see plain enough—"

And with this piece of unfairness, O-Okusama, Most Honourable Madam, elbowed her old servant out of the way and took her place behind the glass *shoji* (sliding doors) of the little tea-ceremony house which the Allied Occupation had allowed her to retain for her own use.

From this discreet spy-hole she peered up at the gravel forecourt of her old home, No. 6 Hanezawa-cho, now known as British House A.77. The new tenants had just arrived in a beautiful grey sedan. There it now stood, by the porch, as limber and graceful as a swallow, but, alas for the Okusama's resentful curiosity, now parked at such an angle as to hide every possible human incoming and outgoing.

Nevertheless, her gaze never wavered, the rigid determination of her pose never relaxed. Huyu sighed deeply. Better, far better, she thought, for the house to have been burned in the great incendiary raids than to have enemy feet treading its immaculate *tatami* (mat floors) under the very nose of O-Okusama.

Now, on that bleak January afternoon, it seemed to grow dark with unnatural rapidity, as if in sympathy with her melancholy thoughts. The heavy rain of the previous night had ceased with the dawn, but a great volume of water gushed along the stone ditches and gurgled into the open drains. The thick shrubs, the sombre pines, the glossy upright hollies and massed ilexes—all dripped still behind a veil of mist.

Across this desolate monotone of grey and black an Army lorry slowly lumbered, crunched up the gravel drive and took the place of the grey sedan.

The Okusama still watched, in silence. "Perhaps the honourable tea is called for," ventured Huyu.

"We will refresh ourselves after witnessing this little ceremony."

That, in spite of the sneer, was better. Or should one have said—because of it? Anything rather than the conventional smiles and bows of the conversations with the liaison officer, the meaningless politeness to the puffed-out Army captain who accompanied him, and the dark silences which invariably followed their visitations. Anything, above all, rather than the brooding glances at the Shinto shrine and the *chigai-dana* (shelves), on whose satin-smooth cypress wood reposed the last and most significant marriage gift to the Okusama from her father—the short curved sword given to every girl of noble birth.

Huyu, who had been in the service of the Okusama ever since she was fourteen, knew both the history of the sword and the obligations which went with its acceptance.

It was 400 years old, and in that period it had been used at least five times by the women of the Okusama's family, and

Wandering out into the darkness, she saw Tim. He was standing motionless before her stone lamp

OCCUPATION FORCE

by MARJORIE HESSELL TILTMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

It wasn't easy for the proud Okusama to watch Westerners take over her house. Nor easy to keep the little English boy and his mischievous dog from invading her heart

on three of these occasions on themselves.

The hilt was of white sharkskin, banded with the finest Damascene work in a pattern of wistarias and iris. The scabbard was of black lacquer, decorated with the same flowers in gold. The blade had been made by a smith whose achievements had been praised by a famous poet. There were purity and integrity in its faultless curves; there was courage in its deadly sharpness; there was honour in its shining steel. You might have said that if it had not a soul, at least it was the symbol of one.

Some among the Okusama's own caste had made a virtue of expediency; had contrived to praise their former foes' unexpected generosity and magnanimity, even to welcome them with flowers. But such apostates were chiefly to be found among advocates of that Western manner of living, of those bold indecorous manners, which to O-Okusama had always seemed a gross betrayal of their racial inheritance.

THE big light in the porch was turned on, the beams shining upon the lorry. Soldiers could be seen unloading baggage, packing-cases, wooden crates and a couple of bicycles.

"Always the Army! They must have the Army—even to move bicycles."

Huyu craned her neck over her mistress's shoulders. "Ma! One of them a boy's, too. Like that of Akira-san which is in the storehouse."

The moment she had made this ill-chosen comparison, Huyu could have bitten out her tongue.

Somewhere wandering in the cold plain of Manchukuo, or jailed in a Russian concentration camp, were the only grandson of the Okusama and his widowed mother. For her daughter-in-law, O-Okusama had no regard. This, Huyu had long decided, was well, for her mistress, since the death of her son, had lived by the belief that her own survival was essential for the boy's welfare. It was assumed, then, that he lived. Nevertheless, no one was permitted to mention his name but his grandmother.

Fortunately for Huyu, something else happened to distract the Okusama's attention. One after another, all the lights in the house were turned on.

It was years since the house had seen such animation, and the significance of it wounded O-Okusama's heart as well as her pride.

"Draw the *amado* [outside wooden shutters], Huyu," she commanded sharply, "and let us shut out this raw air, and this vulgar extravagance. There is no reason why we should offend ourselves unnecessarily by looking on the waste of so much light while we Japanese are allowed the privilege of one thirty-watt lamp."

As if her words had operated a switch, every light suddenly went out.

"Ah! So the electricity at least has

not learned to know its master," exclaimed O-Okusama. "See if our own lights have gone, and if so, light the candles."

"A thousand apologies, Okusama, but shall I draw upon our reserves? We are down to our last."

"Tonight of all nights I refuse to sit in darkness," declared her mistress. "How many spare ones have we?"

"Six, Okusama, but there is now none to be had at the store."

"Light them all—we will have supper early and then go to bed. Why make ourselves miserable with the thought of tomorrow? In these times there may never be one. . . ."

There was a subdued knock at the back door. Huyu shuffled to answer it.

On her return she looked uncertainly at her mistress. "It is the cook-san of the foreign family," she told her. "They have no lights. She presents her compliments and asks if O-Okusama has any candles to spare."

The Okusama drew herself up. "Certainly we have some to spare," she said haughtily. "Give them six, Huyu, at once."

The next morning she met the first member of the foreign family.

No sooner had the *shoji* slid back for Huyu's slightly dour early morning entrance, than a little black and white terrier bounded into the room, on to the silk covered mattresses, and began to lick the Okusama's hands with effusive friendliness.

"*Oiya ma!* Turn the creature out, Huyu," she cried, startled and resentful. "Where does he come from, pray?"

Somewhat peevishly Huyu put down her tray and shoed the intruder out. Her mistress watched closely while he sprang into the garden, sniffed at the ancient stone lantern, cocked his leg and ran up the drive to the house.

During the following week the two women became familiar with the other occupants. The head was a youngish captain in uniform. The tall, slender young woman, with dark curly hair and an angular face, was obviously his wife, and equally obviously the mother of the young boy constantly with her.

The Okusama did not admire her type, but was intrigued by it, never having seen a young woman in a state of such swift and perpetual motion. She ran to the gate to wave to her husband when he went off in the jeep in the morning; she ran back to the house again. Holding the boy's hand, together they ran up the hill leading to the main road where the big G.H.Q. buses went back and forth to the foreign school.

And there, it seems, though for this last rather shocking information the Okusama was indebted to gossip, she waited until some — any — Allied car might come along to give her a lift to an unknown destination. From there she returned about six o'clock, with her husband in the jeep.

There was small opportunity, then, for

any but the most distant relationship between the occupants of the two houses, even though they lived behind the same gates, a circumstance for which the Okusama should presumably have been grateful. It was true that the young Mrs. Thornworthy smiled when she encountered either of the women, but it was as casual and as unwanted as a bit of dung dropped by a bird on the wing.

ONLY the boy was to be seen with any frequency. Every now and then, before his parents had returned home, the Okusama would see him dawdling in front of the tea-ceremony house, his eyes searching the swinging curves and gables of the grey tiled roof, his fingers caressing the silvery cedar beams. And once Huyu saw him on his knees, examining the manner in which the structure was raised from the ground by great stone posts.

Under these posts was the happy hunting ground of the dog, Bimbo. Owing to the lack of supervision during the war, rats had multiplied into an outrageous menace. In the big house they were unwelcome visitors; at the tea house they lived almost cheek-by-jowl with the two women.

One Sunday morning a new noise joined the perpetual obligato of these vermin—a determined snuffing and scuffling in the very bowels of the house.

Outside it was unusually bright and sunny, so that Huyu had drawn back the shutters in order that her mistress might enjoy the garden.

So far this part of her property, assigned legally to her keeping by the Occupation, had remained inviolate. But suddenly, across the serene and lovely miniature landscape, crashed the alien figure of the boy, Tim, in reckless pursuit of the dog. The Okusama rose to her august feet. In a voice shrill with displeasure she called imperiously: "*Achitte chodah!*" (Go away.)

Without even turning his head, Tim shouted back:

"Bimbo's got a rat."

And heedless of the treasured iris, he took a short cut through the pond, hauled himself up the slope by grabbing the graceful arms of the weeping willows, stood for a moment tense and motionless on the summit, until with a whoop of joy he plunged back the way he had come, with the dog at his heels, until they both stood panting at the Okusama's outraged feet.

"Drop it, Bimbo," said Tim breathlessly. And Bimbo dropped it—a very rat of rats.

Involuntarily the Okusama stepped back the merest fraction. It was a pregnant interval and Bimbo took full advantage of it. With one bound he was upon the veranda and in full cry after the kitchen department and a drink of water.

"Come here, Bimbo," Tim shouted. "Shall I go and get him?"

Without waiting for a yea or a nay, he, too, sprang up on the veranda. "Oh,

my shoes, of course!" Storklike he stood, while he kicked them off, one after another. "You know, I think it's a fine idea—walking about in stockings," he said naively. "*Gomen nasai?* I'm learning Japanese at school. That's meant to be 'May I come in?' Did you understand?"

But his eyes had already travelled beyond an answer. "Is that a real sword?" he demanded in a hushed voice. "May I see it? My hands are a bit dirty, I'm afraid, but perhaps I could wash them. . . ."

In spite of herself the Okusama smiled, guessing all she had been unable to translate. With her own hands she reached for it, drew the shining blade out of the beautiful scabbard. For one instant, as she measured its ruthless steel, she winced, then, with an imperceptible sigh, laid it in the earth-stained boyish hands.

At last he raised his head. "Has it ever killed anyone?" he asked her.

Again her instinct aided her poor knowledge of his alien tongue, and she nodded her head, solemnly.

He uttered no word, returned it to her also in silence, and passed on to another corner of the room. There he stood, his eagerness muted down to awe, as he gazed at the treasures in the room.

"*Kirei!*" (pretty) he said.

A sudden pang of recollection stabbed her. In a series of gestures, she pointed sharply first to the room in which they stood, then to the big house, concluding very slowly, in Japanese:

"You have my best things up there."

He seemed to understand this, for after a second's hesitation, he shook his head vigorously. "*Shime masu. Imasu.*"

Closed? Forbidden? She frowned at him incredulously.

SUDDENLY the bell which the Okusama had so often heard sounded from the house. "Oh, mercy, that's lunch," Tim said. "Excuse me, ma'am, and thank you—" He waved his hands comprehensively, said: "Come on, Bimbo," and the Okusama was alone. Alone.

This preliminary acquaintance slowly developed into a regular series of visits.

Occasionally the Okusama beckoned when she saw him coming in the gates; sometimes he himself knocked for admittance. Unashamedly she sought for bribes with which to catch his interest. She went through her collection of *netsukes* (ivory carvings); she opened intricate boxes of all kinds; she set before him a tea-ceremony set five centuries old.

Among all these treasures, none captured Tim's heart as had the sword. Never did he come or go without casting a long look at the *chigai-dana*, as if to reassure himself that it was still there. It was a strange and perhaps a frightening fact that the boy's regard for it seemed to detract from, rather than to add to, its real significance, so that the Okusama felt her own strength and determination ebbing away.

Strength for what? Ebbing whither? She refused to pose the questions plainly to herself, for she was reluctant to receive an answer.

One day he sat himself on the cushions and demonstrated his ability with chopsticks.

"I say!" he said, looking up with a beaming smile from the tit-bits she had arranged for him, "this is much more fun than the food we have."

She went herself on foot the next day into the village to hunt special morsels with which to tempt him—fish smaller than the tiniest minnow, called *ami*, sparrows impaled on little sticks, cucumber pickle, dried mushrooms. He

ate all, with relish and without discrimination—indeed with unseemly haste. This was perhaps understandable, for only too often the bell would break shrilly into such delicious interludes and tear them apart.

Sometimes O-Okusama could almost believe its insistence to be part of a personal vendetta, proof of the mother's jealousy or fear. The boy was fascinated both by her and her background. By the enemy and enemy customs. They could not but view that as dangerous.

Nor did the handsome present he brought with him one Sunday assuage her doubts. It was tied up as if it had been a gift from a Japanese—in a large *firoshki* (carrying square), on which was painted a picture of Fuji-san.

"From mum," said Tim proudly.

She bowed her gratitude.

"Aren't you going to look what's inside?" he asked in disappointment.

She smiled forgiveness of his foreign ignorance of polite usage and motioned him to sit down. There beside him, with appropriate and elegant gestures, she brought out the contents and admired them as if they had been precious ivories—cans of lobster, tongue and chicken.

It was a generous and a thoughtful gift. It was also a gift made in defiance of the law, which forbade the giving or selling of any Allied goods purchased at post exchanges to any Japanese national.

Of this consideration the Okusama knew little and cared less. Disapproval had isolated her from the gossip rings whose most constant subject was the manners and customs of the Occupation. Behind her gracious acknowledgments to the boy were two ugly facts, of both of which she was slightly ashamed—firstly that the English *Okusan* (lady) had put her under an obligation, and secondly that she could not even benefit from it, for among her severest prejudices and dislikes canned food came first.

THE moment Tim had taken his departure, she called Huyu to her. Huyu had a perverse taste for such alien strangenesses.

"Well!" said the Okusama sharply. "Now you can make yourself as sick as you like. Don't serve them up to me, that is all."

Huyu examined the cans reflectively. "They live on such things," she said. "Their cook-san has related it to me. They will not buy from our shops. They believe the stuff to be poisonous."

"Where do they get their food from, then, pray?" demanded the Okusama.

"From across the sea. Every grain of it. There are laws against buying even a radish here. Their military police watch our shops," she added darkly.

The Okusama stared at Huyu suspiciously, not unmindful of the relish which her old maid always got out of a sensational story, and well aware that nothing was ever lost in her telling of it. Nevertheless, uneasy consciousness of the implications of Huyu's assertions made her pursue the subject.

"You have said nothing of this before."

Huyu assumed her blankest, most aggravating expression.

"Why should I? Where was the occasion?"

"The Tim-san has been taking food with us."

"Our food," said Huyu. "Food we have eaten ourselves. Have we suffered any ill effects? Has he? No, it is just a story, a ridiculous story they spread to frighten everybody. Nobody thinks it more foolish than the cook-san herself. But she must do as she is told, that is all."

These were no more than the Okusama's own opinions, but never in her whole life had they counted for less, as she was well aware. It was one thing to have committed a crime, however

MR. DIMPLE

by David Hand



small, in ignorance; it was quite another deliberately to incur blame and perhaps punishment.

"There must be no more food while he is here," she said decisively.

It was a bitter régime which she inculcated. The words which she and Tim shared in common were not sufficient to explain to him the reasons behind the sudden withdrawal of hospitality. It was only obvious that whereas he was offered lunch before he brought the Okusama a present, now it was no longer forthcoming. A veil had been drawn between them.

Useless for the Okusama to proffer the consolation of a set of carved chess pieces. He bowed his stiff acceptance—bowed! Thus far had he travelled beyond his graceless boyishness—but the hurt bewilderment still clouded his grey eyes, and his visits became more and more infrequent.

The summer swelled to full ripeness; the animals panted; the trees grew dusty; grew brown. The women dragged swollen feet along the hot pavements; even the children were subdued.

Tim grew in the intense heat like a mushroom under glass. He lay sprawled at full length on a Japanese mattress on the sun-baked veranda of the big house, flipping over the pages of his books.

Somewhat awkwardly—for there was in these days a constraint between them—the Okusama beckoned to him one morning to place his mattress beneath the green shade of a weeping willow, which sprayed itself over the little waterfall.

Tim smiled his thanks and settled himself where she indicated, but the Okusama's *shoji*, open to enjoy both the view and the coolness, seemed to intimidate him, and he did not reappear.

One evening, however, he came back to her in utter completeness. The fancy had taken her to light a candle in her stone lamp. Wandering out there in the darkness to savour the memories it evoked, she walked almost into him, standing motionless before it, clad only in his pyjamas. Although she could as yet see nothing of the firefly battle except pinpoints of flickering light, she knew well the cause of his enchantment and returned swiftly indoors for the tiny cage once belonging to her dead son. Palpitating with excitement, Tim watched her as she fanned some of the warring insects down to the ground,

covered them quickly with her hand and popped one or two into the delicate cage. Then it was his turn, while she chanted:

"Hotaru koi! Hotaru koi!
Atchi-no-mizu wa nigaizo!"

In the late afternoon of the following day he came to her, unsolicited, on his way home from school.

"Shall we have tea ceremony?" she proposed.

She forgot how meaningless or how ridiculous so ancient and so Japanese a rite must appear to a foreign child, and began to assemble the implements almost before he could say Yes. Soon the silver kettle was boiling on the glowing charcoal, the ritual bowl, the powdered tea and the bamboo whisk by its side. Tim, his aesthetic sense captured by he knew not what, gazed at her fascinated as she swept slowly round, her movements as gentle and flowing as water itself.

He did not know that he was watching the performance of a consummate artist, but he felt it, and as the ceremony approached its exquisite climax, he, too, bowed his young head in homage.

JOY swept over the Okusama in a flowing tide, a confusion of emotions, even of identities. If she, O-Okusama of Hanezawa-cho, could be thus moved by an alien child, so might it be with her own grandson in a distant land. No realization of her hunger came into her mind; of the speed and facility with which intoxication overtakes an empty stomach. She only heard herself speaking the words, as if from a distance, as they bade farewell—"On Saturday I shall have *tempura*."

In these days *tempura* was a treat reserved for the rarest occasions. Fortunately, Huyu was rather greedy, and therefore forbore from grumbling at the endless preparations entailed by the delicious morsels—the succulent titbits of octopus and lobster, the shrimps fried to the crispness of tissue paper.

At five minutes to their old luncheon hour he was there. Even Huyu's severity melted before the pantomime with which he expressed his appetite. The Okusama never even smiled. She had passed into a reverie beyond mere pleasure. The boy was eating her food, the food of her country and of her race, and it would nourish him. It would form his flesh and his blood; by feeding his body it would also possess his soul.

Then, in the day when the nations should be back in their own homes—

JOHN BULL July 9 1949

Tim and her grandson, too—he would take back with him something that must be always precious because it had belonged to the golden age of childhood.

When the news of her son's death had reached her, the Okusama had not wept, but now, as she bent her head over these idyllic fancies, the tears welled into her eyes.

At one o'clock the inexorable bell tore him from her side.

He made a face at her. "Golly, what a wonderful meal. But I've eaten too much. I don't feel like another dinner a bit. Mum will be furious."

He spoke in English, but some intuitive pang conveyed its purport, and some prophetic hint of possible recrimination. But she brushed such jarring thoughts aside. Nothing must mar this hour of fulfilment.

She looked towards the small shrine, at which she prayed to the spirits of her ancestors, but the beam of sunlight which illuminated its deep gold travelled farther. Her eyes could not help but follow its brightness. There, at the foot of it, lay the emblem and the very key of her honour.

The Okusama stared back at it. "Well?" she asked herself fiercely. "Well!" And knew that it was not so.

Nevertheless, that night she slept peacefully, until she was awakened at dawn by a car outside her window. It sounded too heavy for either jeep or sedan, yet what should a lorry be doing there on Sunday? As she lay on her mattress, idly speculating, the *shoji* were pushed aside and Huyu entered.

"Did you see what that was?" she asked her mistress. "The ambulance! Now who's that been for, I wonder."

Neither of them vouchsafed an answer.

IN the evening Huyu, unasked, donned her second-best kimono and went up to the kitchen of the big house. Before even taking it off, she sought out the Okusama.

"The boy-san has been taken to hospital, so I'm told. Something wrong with his stomach."

Her mistress made no comment. "I didn't mention to cook-san that he'd been eating here. Time enough when we're asked."

The Okusama's silence persisted. It was so unlike her that Huyu continued, a little uneasily:

"Boys are as strong as young horses. A good purge, and they're up and hitting you in your own stomach."

Who are you, thought the Okusama, to be talking to the mother and the grandmother of sons? Of what avail your reassurances when there is guilt to assuage. Heavily she rose to her feet.

"Go and fetch the doctor-san," she commanded Huyu. "This is no time for concealment, no matter what befalls us. He will come with me to the foreign Okusan and explain. Moreover, there may be remedies for such illness unknown to foreign doctors. . . ." She broke off.

The fifteen minutes of her servant's absence seemed to drag themselves out into as many hours. The Okusama's reflections during the period were bitter and deep and puzzling.

The material consequences of this act, this foolish impetuous act of hers, might be serious. If Tim recovered, they could be no less. If he died (the Okusama had never been one to flinch from unpleasant truths) she presumed that she would be called upon to pay the same ignominious price as any common murderer.

This, of course, could not be allowed, and neither would it be necessary. Within her grasp were the means by which she might administer her own execution, as befitted one of her rank.

With heavy footsteps she crossed the

Continued on page 14

INCH - BY - INCH HOLIDAY

by JOHN NIVEN

As a climber, you've got to be patient, keep your nerve and be prepared to take risks. The reward when you get to the top is the calm of high solitude—and the view



Hard going on a Lakeland crag. Even experts can be taken unawares

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO some rich and leisured Englishmen began climbing about the Alps. The local inhabitants were stupefied: these foreign gentlemen seemed to find their risky scrambles enjoyable. Nor was that all. They even paid some scatter-brained Swiss to join their expeditions. Heads were shaken, lips were pursed. No good, it was declared, could come of these senseless antics.

Thus was mountaineering born.

The sport grew, but for many years remained a rich man's hobby. Travel was expensive, guides were few. People who were attracted by the idea looked around for something to climb in Britain, and were delighted to find that Scotland, Wales and the Lake District offered splendid peaks on which to try their skill.

Now, thanks to the vision and efforts of a few enthusiasts, what was an exclusive and costly recreation can be enjoyed by all. Britain has nearly a hundred mountain and rock-climbing clubs. Members are people of all ages and stations who share two common passions: the love of mountains and a taste for the open air.

Climbing needs humility and patience. It is an ideal holiday sport, but it has to be learnt if it is to be enjoyable and satisfying.

You've Got To Try It

Nobody, until he tries it, can say if he will like it or not. John Grant, a Scotsman, and one of the best climbers in Britain, got his love of the hills from a boyhood spent in the western Highlands. Rambling about the rocks and gullies, he gradually began to reach higher and higher till he found himself a mountaineer with his first successful attempt at a real hill—Ben Cruachan, 3,689 feet high.

Grant grew up with climbing, but a love for it can come suddenly and fortuitously, as Grant once saw while climbing at Glencoe. He was staying at the Kinghouse Hotel, one of the best-known Scottish climbing centres, when he fell in with a young honeymoon couple from London whose only experience of hills had been a ramble on the South Downs.

Day after day they watched Grant, clad in windproof breeches and tunic, clinkered boots on his feet and rope dangling from his rucksack, set out for the celebrated Buachaille Etive and Bidean nam Bian, hills both over 3,000 feet. At last the pair nerved themselves to ask if they could go with him.

"I'll take you," said Grant, "to one of the less interesting climbs." They seemed rather downcast at that, till it was explained that "interesting" meant difficult in mountaineering jargon. Thus enlightened, the party set off, and as they tramped over the scented heather Grant talked a little of the craft and dangers of climbing.

They started on the Curved Ridge,

known to experts as one of the easiest rock routes on Buachaille Etive. Yet to the beginners the long, 1,000-ft. spine of rock sloping to the summit looked like the North Coll of Everest itself.

Grant roped the party up in the normal way with the line securely looped round each climber's waist. All went well till, on a very steep pitch, the girl slipped and swung out like a pendulum on the rope, her feet paddling frantically for the tiny toe-holds.

"It wasn't dangerous," says Grant, "but it was alarming, and I looked down at the girl anxiously. I needn't have. All she did was grin and shout back, 'It's interesting!' I knew then that she was a climber. And a climber she became."

The "Roof" Of Britain

After Ben Cruachan, Grant's apprenticeship continued with scrambles over most of the peaks in the Cairngorms, the highest plateau region in the British Isles. These remote and impressive granite mountains lie between Upper Deeside and the Spey Valley. Through this region runs the famous Lairig Ghru Pass, once the road of tartaned fighting men and cattle rustlers, but now only followed by hardy trampers capable of doing the severe twenty-seven miles from Braemar to Aviemore in a day.

Four peaks over 4,000 feet high guard the pass: Braeriach, Cairn Toul, Cairn Gorm and Ben Macdhui. The summit of Ben Macdhui, Britain's second highest mountain, is said to be haunted by the spectre of a huge Grey Man. Townsfolk may scoff, but—like Everest's Sherpa porters and their Abominable Snowman—those who know the mountain neither confirm nor deny the apparition.

With his experience in the Cairngorms, Grant felt himself up to the tricky climbs on Buachaille Etive, such as Crowberry Ridge. To the layman, the Ridge, rising sheerly to 750 feet, looks impossible. Only wings, it seems, could take a man up there. But to a mountaineer, "where there's a rock there's a route," and after his first ascent Grant has been up the ridge many times.

A Test Of Courage

After Crowberry came climbs like Rannoch Wall and the Chasm, one of the most difficult climbs in the country. Both these routes up Buachaille demand every ounce of the climber's strength and courage.

He must climb by balance, using the smallest scratches on the face for hand and toe holds; often he must use "combined tactics," that is, he must stand on his comrade's shoulders to reach a rock that will give him purchase. Neither the Chasm nor Rannoch Wall are for beginners.

Another outstanding climbing centre in Scotland is Britain's highest mountain—Ben Nevis. The 4,400 feet of this solitary peak rise up from Loch Linnhe, and on its north-east face the

great cliffs plunge down to the famous Alt—a Mhuilinn corrie. Although there are no glaciers or crevasses, mountaineers claim that Ben Nevis is the finest training possible for Alpine work in bad conditions.

"You can't take liberties with Ben Nevis," Grant told me. He has the best of reasons for knowing. In January, 1938, he arrived with two companions at Fort William. It was late in the morning but the party started immediately for the Ben Nevis hut, 2,000 feet up on the north-east corrie.

From the hut they attempted the No. 3 Gully, a relatively easy climb that was filled with snow. With the help of ice axes, the party soon had that behind them.

"Then," says Grant, "we made a mistake. Despite the late hour we decided to push on to the summit, where there are the ruins of the old observatory. We hadn't meant to do this, so all that we had as food between us was two bananas."

Stuck On The Top

Just as they reached the summit, they were engulfed in a blizzard which swirled up without any warning. There was nothing for it but to shelter in the lee of the ruins. "I knew we were stuck," Grant goes on. "The blizzard thickened as darkness fell. There was a long winter night on Ben Nevis ahead."

In the observatory, one of the rooms was still partly roofed, and here the party crouched. "It was far too cold to sleep. We split some wood with ice axes and tried to make a fire. Somebody took out the first-aid box and discovered that iodine was inflammable." Even so, the miserable flame they kindled only survived an hour.

"All in all," says Grant of that night, "it was the most miserable I've spent in the hills. If the blizzard hadn't lifted in the morning but had gone on, as blizzards do, for days, we would have been in a very bad spot indeed. It taught me a lesson I'll never forget."

In recent years climbers have shown great interest in high-altitude camping. Using special windproof tents, parties have camped at over 3,000 feet in mid-winter without great hardship.

What is the climber's reward for his exertions? There is the sense of achievement, and the feeling of doing something for its own sake. There is the calm that high solitude brings. And there is the view.

The beginner can learn his craft in one of the many climbing clubs that are to be found in Britain wherever there are fells and mountains. In Scotland alone there are over a dozen, including the well-known Cairngorm and the Scottish Mountaineering clubs.

Experts Only

The last is strictly for experts: to qualify, a climber must have "ascended" thirty-five to forty mountains of over 3,000 feet, of which at least one-third should have been climbed under snow and ice conditions. A candidate, too, must be able to lead any normal expedition with comfort and safety to himself and his party.

But the Scottish has a junior section in which experts show the novice how it is done. They teach the tricks of rock climbing, and how to use an ice axe on a slippery winter ridge where the surface looks like a series of frozen waterfalls. They teach mountain lore and mountain law, and instil in the beginner both the power and the limitation of his equipment.

Mountaineering is not expensive. Club subscriptions are seldom more than a guinea a year, and equipment is simple. Windproof clothing; balaclava



"That was a beautiful chapter—read it out to me again!"

helmets and thick woollen gloves; clin-kered boots, ice axes and ropes, plus first-aid kits, maps and compasses are all that a climber requires.

Curious things happen on the mountains. Mountaineers never name a peak or a climb after the man who first climbed it, but there is a certain climb in the Welsh mountains that is known as Mallory's Pipe. It celebrates the exploit of the famous Mallory who was lost on Everest.

Resting on a ridge in those hills, Mallory dropped his pipe; it fell down some distance directly below him. Without thinking, he went down after it, picked it up and climbed back the way he had gone down. The official handbook lists the climb, gives particulars, says that it has only been done once—by Mallory, and then laconically adds that the climb is impossible.

Ben Nevis Victims

Risk is an inseparable part of mountaineering. During the last two years Ben Nevis has killed two and the Glencoe hills nine people.

These were mainly hill walkers rather than rock climbers. Lack of care in a dangerous spot; attempting something beyond the climber's strength; bravado that leads to being trapped by mist or storm—any or all of these lie at the root of most fatalities.

But a mountain can take the most wary and experienced unawares. On one occasion John Grant and a friend were climbing, unroped, a chimney in the Scottish hills. Grant was below his companion when suddenly a fall of rock came hurtling downwards.

It only grazed the man above, but its full force struck Grant on the head and sent him flying into space. He hit a jutting stone and disappeared from sight into the scree below. The next thing Grant remembers is struggling back to consciousness to find himself lying on a mountain road with a sheepdog sniffing at his face.

When he was hit, Grant recalled nothing but the early morning heat shimmering on the rock in front of him. There had been no warning, no rumble or rattle to tell him he was in danger. Fortunately Grant escaped with bruises, a bad shaking and concussion.

But climbing would lose all its appeal without the threat of accident. To John Grant, as to every other climber, the hills are a joy because they are a challenge.

OCCUPATION FORCE

Continued from page 12

room. With steady hands she drew the sword from its scabbard. Yes, it was as beautiful as ever. She could still admire it—yet in how detached, how impersonal, a fashion.

Only so short a while ago she would have found a fierce exultation in a situation such as this, have demonstrated to her enemies how little life could be worth with triumph—yet now, at this very crisis, which should have meant her pride as well as her punishment, the glory had departed from it.

The Okusama had known all types and all degrees of love. What was there, then, in this strange affection which had made her so vulnerable, changed her outlook, turned a sacrifice into a gesture that was not only theatrical, but was almost vain and vulgar.

Was it the earth-stained fingers of a young boy that had worked this disillusion—that had persuaded a change of heart which no army, no Occupation force, could have compelled?

The sword was still in her clasp when Huyu returned with the doctor. Her maid turned a glance, first full of fear, then of wonder, on the face of the Okusama. Courage, coolness, perhaps resignation, were to be expected, but not such peace and gentleness as might have lighted the face of Amida Buddha.

"You may leave us, Huyu, while I explain."

The doctor had qualified in America as well as in Tokyo, but he had the neighbourhood's respect for one of its highest-born residents. He listened and he bowed and he murmured "So desuka!" at every pause.

TOGETHER they walked up to the house. Here a pert new parlourmaid who smiled too freely asked them into the Okusama's old sitting-room. The boy's mother came in almost immediately. She stood still while her visitors performed deep bows of respect, then herself drew up an armchair for the Okusama, motioned the doctor to another, and took a third between them.

The Okusama sat up very straight, trying to ignore the photograph of Tim between the happy faces of his parents which was just in front of her.

"Please ask the honourable mother of Tim-san if the report that he is ill and in hospital is true," she bade the doctor.

"Yes," Tim's mother answered in a low but steady voice. "He is very ill—suffering from food poisoning. My husband is with him now. He—"

She stopped momentarily and bit her lower lip—one of Tim's own gestures.

"It is possible," continued the Okusama, in a voice no less steady, "that Tim's honourable mother may not be aware that it was at my house that the boy had *tempura*. It was good *tempura*—the best to be bought in these days. But the doctor-san here may explain what I myself am unable to understand—the peculiar susceptibility of Western stomachs to what Japanese find excellent and beneficial. For this reason I should, as to my shame I am aware, have asked his honourable mother's permission."

The fine dark brows of the young woman met in a puzzled frown. "But all three of the boys were poisoned, of course," she said impulsively.

Now it was the Okusama's turn to look bewildered.

The young woman leaned forward and spoke rapidly.

"It was ice-cream. That's what they all ate, the wretches. Japanese ice-cream—from some cart that was probably covered with flies. In this weather! Fortunately Tim, the little pig, had already stuffed himself with something,

so the hospital reports. And it wasn't here, because we all had lunch together and I know. Anyway, he was sick. Horribly sick. That was probably your *tempura*! It must have had a wonderful battle with the ice-cream. Anyway," said the young woman, half-laughing, half-crying, "his greediness will probably save his life. As for the other two—" She closed her eyes.

The doctor comprehended the medical implications behind the broken sentences. He nodded his understanding vigorously and gave his interpretation.

It was a clear one and a rational one and a scientific one, but the Okusama absorbed nothing of it save that Tim was safe and that her *tempura* had done him good. The swelling of her heart could not be seen beneath the decorous dull blue silk of her kimono, but it choked both her mind and her voice.

"I have a grandson . . ." she began involuntarily.

The doctor waited for her to continue, but she could not, there was too much to say.

The telephone shrilled into the pregnant silence. The young woman reached swiftly for the receiver. She said only "Yes . . . yes . . . yes . . ." but the lines in her face eased. Then she herself spoke a few sentences, nodding to the doctor to pass them on.

"I am to tell you," he said to the Okusama, "that the lady's honourable husband has gone to tell their son that you are here to inquire about him. . . . The conversation was resumed, the receiver at last replaced. "Now there is a message back to you from the Tim-san that he would like to see you. If you will not object to riding in a Jeep, you may accompany his parents to the hospital next week."

The Okusama rose, prostrated herself in a long, deep bow.

"It will be a great pleasure," she said in an expressionless voice.

For the first time she gazed about her. Chintz covers patterned with roses had ousted the ones chosen most proudly by herself. Foreign pictures hung on the walls. There were new curtains, new cushions. And the room was too full of flowers, arranged—yes, abominably. It was no longer her room; it had changed its shape, and that she could not help resenting. Yet even the Okusama sensed that it was a room into which love had entered, and she found herself saying:

"How beautiful you have made this room!"

She meant: "How happy you have made me!" too. But how could they know that? And perhaps even—how could she?

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Get It Over

FROM time to time we all have to face unpleasant jobs and square up to issues we would prefer to dodge.

In such cases there's only one thing to do: tackle the task without undue delay and get it over. The longer you wait the more unpleasant it will look and the more impossible it will seem.

There is, however, no sense in rushing your fences. A little forethought serves as a stout ally. But since nothing is ever quite as bad as we think it is, don't give your imagination too much time to conjure up difficulties.

Keep a cool head but don't get cold feet. That's the ideal combination when you're in a tough spot.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

Comeback of the dandy

by DENNIS HOLMAN

Waistcoats are gayer, cuffs are turning back and flaps sprouting on pockets. The tailors' university may soon find itself coping with a return of the Edwardian Look

"I STARTED WHEN I WAS twelve," Phillip Dellafera tells, remembering his tailor's apprenticeship fifty years ago. "One day I was cutting stitches when the scissors slipped and I cut a hole in the cloth. When I showed it to the 'governor,' he took a wet rag and hit me with it across the face."

Fifty years ago, a master tailor could give a wet rag the bite of a whiplash, and "Della" admits he got his share of that. Mr. Liberty's earliest tailoring memories aren't much happier; his "governor" had long nails and a sadistic habit of clawing the skin off Liberty's knees.

Things are different now. Today if a youth wants to make a career of bespoke tailoring, he doesn't have to have his knees chipped picking up his knowledge while doing odd jobs in a tailor's shop. He can go to "Mr. Della" and Mr. Liberty and learn all there is to know about making clothes in six months.

This is at the Tailor and Cutter Academy in Soho, claimed to be the only sartorial university of its kind in the world. Here the whole job is taught, from the most elementary basting stitch to the translation of a complicated fashion design into a fitting garment.

Student To Principal

Della's associations with the T. and C. Academy go back forty-five years, when he first came as a student and returned later to become an assistant instructor. "Emanuel Shinwell's father was also at the Alma Mater," Della adds. "But a little before my time."

Della is now Principal of the Academy, a diminutive but assertive disciplinarian, forever popping up in the classrooms to see that nobody is idling.

He begins his morning inspection in the junior tailoring class—a wide room furnished with "boards" on which some forty juniors sit stitching at bits of flannel on their knees. There's Billy Ack, aged fifteen, practising the "back," "half back" and "marking" stitches. Mr. Macklin, the instructor, is standing by, telling him to hold the needle nearer the point.

Two Indians, N. S. Gulamali, from

Kampala, Uganda, and his cousin, K. M. Vergee, from Nairobi, sit near the window. One has just finished his first waistcoat.

"Not bad at all," Macklin comments. "Those boys are going to be fine tailors one day."

Ron Hillier, eighteen, has been under Macklin just six weeks, and today he is assembling his first coat. "See that the balance marks match evenly down the side seam," Macklin tells him, and Ron bends over his task. . . .

They call this room the "United Nations." There are Poles, Danes, Swedes, Americans, Czechs from behind the Iron Curtain on an official study visit, and, of course, British youths and ex-Servicemen. Two of Macklin's pupils a few months ago were ex-colonels, one of whom won a D.S.O. at Arnhem.

"And we mustn't forget Adimonyema Okiki," Macklin is proud of Adimonyema Okiki, a chief's son from the Ibo country in South-Eastern Nigeria, who used to attend classes in his ceremonial robes.

"Wherever they come from, they soon get used to carrying around the things you'll usually find in a tailor's pocket," Della adds, producing a thimble, a bone bodkin, a cartridge of needles and a pair of scissors.

Macklin and Liberty (chief tailoring in-

structor) display the same haberdashery.

But not Mr. Fuller. He is a cutting instructor, and a cutter carries a measuring tape round his neck and a slice of chalk in his pocket.

Secret Of Trousers

When students have learned how to stitch the sections of a garment together, they come to Fuller to learn how to cut out the sections. They begin on trousers.

The important thing about trousers, they learn, is seat angle—in other words, bending room. And this, as the tailors say, "is all according." The amount you'd allow for a gardener's corduroys isn't quite what a guardsman will need standing rigidly on parade.

From trousers, students proceed to plus fours, and then to the complicated technique of giving stride, bending room, shape and a clean inside leg to a pair of riding breeches.

But the jacket is the young cutter's Becher's Brook.

As students come to take this jump, Fuller delivers his little homily: "If you give a customer a good fit, it becomes a bad fit. Remember you are not making a suit for a tailor's dummy, but for a man—he moves!"

A well-cut jacket should be comfortable and it should hang cleanly. To

learn the complicated science of constructing one costs £90 for a six months' course at the T. and C. Academy.

"But," says Fuller, "whether a man's a tailor or not, he should be a critic of good clothes. So few people are. That's why you see them being palmed off with clothes that should never have left the tailor's shop."

At a fitting, judge a jacket on yourself the way Fuller does. Don't let the cutter begin by trying to pin or button it up. Stand normally and study the way it hangs:

It should hang straight down, evenly front and back; this goes for double-breasted jackets as well. "Though," Della interrupts, "most of the D.B. jackets I've seen fall away the moment they are unbuttoned."

Balance is important. This is controlled from the neck point; if it is wrong, the whole jacket is out of alignment. A well-balanced coat will wear lightly on the shoulders even if it's of the thickest and heaviest material.

"Is the jacket comfortable and does it appear to fit well?" Fuller asks. "The look and feel of it give the answer. Watch for the pitch of the sleeve. The sleeve should hang cleanly; too many creases show up a badly pitched sleeve."

Look at the height and grip of the



Brighter clothes enthusiasts favour Regency style embroidery. But whether it will catch on is still questionable

collar, which should hug the neck comfortably, and consider the smooth roll of the lapel. See that the tips of the lapels tend to curl inwards, never outwards.

If the material is striped, the stripes should converge on the shoulders and at the collar-lapel join, running downwards parallel to the edge of the lapel. "Darts" let in for shaping the waist should not disturb the even spacing of the stripes.

Cut is by no means all of a good suit; it should also be a creditable tailoring job. Pull at the material and the lining and see that they are properly joined together and don't "balloon".

Examine the finish, the stitching, the lining, the way the buttons are sewn on. Machined buttonholes are ragged inside; you can't mistake a handmade buttonhole. And see that the cuff buttonholes are really holes.

The credit for a good suit must be divided. "It's the tailoring that really matters," Della says. "I've done both jobs. I know which is harder."

"It's the cut that counts," Fuller argues. "The cutter's an artist in cloth. In bespoke tailoring, it's the cutter who gives those distinctive, personal touches that make each garment the personal property of only one individual."

The argument continues. Who is the artist? Who is the craftsman? The fact remains that the cutter is a highly paid star, very much the boss and often a severe taskmaster, in a position to make things tough for the unfortunate tailor. Many tailors have been known to hate their cutters, and cutters tend, like artists, to become temperamental, capricious, often insufferable.

In the trade, as in heaven, there are

many mansions, but only four social levels. People are more democratic today, but a few years ago a drummer (trouser maker) would have only dreamed of drinking with a fifer (waistcoat maker), who, in turn, would have considered it an honour to be asked to drink beer with a coat maker.

But the cutter remained aloof; he wouldn't have condescended to drinking with anybody.

While designers ordain what the well-dressed woman will wear, masculine fashions are decided by the male customer—whenever possible by a celebrated and much-photographed male customer chosen to lead the way, as the Duke of Windsor was as Prince of Wales.

Prince Philip Disappoints

His position had never really been filled until recently when the Duke of Edinburgh suddenly appeared in the limelight and the trade rejoiced to announce their choice of Philip as the succeeding style leader.

But Philip hasn't fulfilled all their hopes. The trouble with the Princess's husband, they say, is that he's too conventional.

As the trade journal, the *Tailor and Cutter*, pointed out: "His main concern in clothes is *comfort*, and we are surprised to note that he seldom wears a hat. . . . He is smartly dressed in the photograph we publish, but his clothes lack those individual touches that were so typical of the Duke of Windsor."

On the other hand its praise for the Marquess of Milford Haven as the "Best Man of Fashion" is unqualified: "His recent trip to the United States,

cannot but have re-established in that country our English reputation for good cloth and clothes."

"Our picture taken in New York at an official function shows the Marquess in a nice jacket with very fashionable shoulder line and lapels that are correctly long and narrow. Notice that he affects the fashionable larger tie knot (as introduced by the Duke of Windsor), a fashion not followed by the Duke of Edinburgh."

Present fashion trends in the West End are towards what is known as the Edwardian Look.

Says John Taylor, editor of the *Tailor and Cutter*: "Trousers are being worn narrow all the way down the leg to a turnover of seventeen or eighteen inches.

"Jackets are long and skirted, with sleeves narrowing to the wrist. Shoulders are wide and sloping, with a modified but positive 'drape.' Lapels are narrow and long, with a two-button fastening for single-breasted and one button for double-breasted suits.

"Hacking vents are being incorporated into lounge suits, with turn-back cuffs on the sleeves and an outside ticket pocket. Breast pockets of sporting suits are being flapped.

"Waistcoats are brighter and often of a different material, like baratheia, whipcord or camel hair, embroidered in the Regency style and lapelled. Overcoats are widening, but getting shorter."

There's also an attempt to bring back the once-popular practice of wearing buttonholes—carnations, roses, camellias, but without greenery—following the complaint of the flower industry that button-

holes weren't any longer being cut in evening dress lapels.

The problem of keeping up appearances today, whether you dress off the "peg" or out of the "Row," is cost. What used to cost £13 in Savile Row in 1939 is now £40. Everything is up—materials, wages, overheads, accessories.

Take one item, the linen used for staying the edges of lapels. That used to be 11d. a yard. Now it's 2s. 7d. On top of it all is 33½ per cent purchase tax.

Ceiling prices for bespoke tailored suits have been fixed by the Board of Trade. These are 110 per cent of the maximum price charged by a firm before the war; or a limit of £15 plus purchase tax in the case of new firms who have no 1939 prices to build on.

For an established top-class house, the pegging of prices at 110 per cent of maximum prewar is almost as good as fixing the sky as the limit. All these firms have had to do is take the highest price ever charged to their wealthiest customer, say an Indian rajah, and add 110 per cent. That is why in Savile Row you can pay up to £60 for a lounge suit, and possibly more round the corner.

Made Their Fortunes

Oddly enough, the men who have really given world fame to the excellence of British tailoring are not British tailors but colonies of Swedes, Poles and Austrians who have settled in London and made fortunes.

The British don't generally make good tailors. "Poles," says Della, "learn quickly and become good craftsmen. Swedes and Danes are the best—they turn out some exquisite workmanship."

"Indians are good; Americans O.K. But I'm afraid my British students are mostly careless and apathetic. All they seem to want is a job without ever taking a joy and pride in workmanship."

At the moment, the trade is badly in need of young, vigorous, ambitious blood. There are vacancies in most places for young craftsmen; and a little farther down the hill is something that looks like turning into a dangerous labour shortage.

The trade is anxious, and, to encourage new entrants, has founded the Woollen Merchants Development Company, Limited, a non-profit-making body devoted to subsidizing bursaries for boys and young men desirous of adopting bespoke tailoring as a career.

To get a bursary, all a boy need do is apply to the T. and C. Academy. He will be interviewed and examined, and a report will be sent to the W.M.D. Co. Those recommended by the Academy and accepted by the board of the W.M.D. Co. will be assured of a grant to cover Academy fees, as well as pocket money to get along with while studying.

Prospects Are Good

For the beginner, a young lad of fifteen, there should be no difficulty in getting a job at a salary not less than the starting basic of £2 15s. a week, which is raised to a minimum of £4 a week after six months. Wages are generally in excess of the basic minimum, and Della remembers some of his pupils earning from £10 to £15 in two years.

Salaries at the top of the tree stand at £20 a week for a head cutter, and £40 a week for a designer cutter with the big city firms.

As a profession, tailors are long-lived. Della knows Sven Svenssen, the Swede who came to England in 1882 and is still tailoring. He is ninety-four. There are dozens of others in their eighties.

With a little capital, a bright boy can start up on his own. Restrictions won't last forever. And he might become as famous as a Fagerstrom or a Scholte. Both these great men died recently. Scholte, the man who invented 'drape,' left £250,000.



Tailor and Cutter Academy's Mr. Della shows a Sikh pupil how to fit a suit. It's the balance that matters

Last chance

by JON CLEARY

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT WILKINSON

It was his comeback race and he'd won. But the cheers of the crowd didn't mean a thing. The moment he went into the bend he knew he was all through as a jockey

HE SAT in the jockeys' room and slowly unbuttoned his silks. His had been the last race and already the course outside was nearly empty, the winners and losers making their way home in the soft light of a late spring afternoon. Here in the room there was the smell of bodies and the hard talk of the jockeys and still some of the excitement of that last race.

"Nice ride, Frank," one of the other hoops said. He was a thin splinter of a kid and he hadn't even been thought of when Frank Dixon had had his first ride. He wrapped a towel round his thinness and headed towards the showers. "You ain't lost the knack."

"No," Frank said, and wondered if they'd noticed he'd lost something else.

He'd won that last race, coming in the last hundred yards on Golden River to snatch it by a neck. The crowd had stood and cheered him when he'd returned to scale, knowing it was his comeback ride after a two-years' suspension and yelling for him because he'd come back with a win.

Harry Martin, the trainer, and Mrs. Allsop, the owner, had come over to congratulate him and a lot of other people had rushed up to slap him on the back. Everything had been fine on the surface. It was only what lay beneath that worried him now.

He stripped off and went out to the showers. He was tall for a jockey, about five eight or nine, and his rides would be limited from now on because he'd never be able to ride below a hundred and twenty pounds again. He was getting on, thirty-eight now, and the two years' lay-off hadn't helped any.

He stood under the steaming water and looked at the other jocks, the apprentices of fifteen and sixteen and the other older hoops, none of them over thirty. He wasn't the oldest jockey riding on Sydney courses, but it didn't help thinking about the others.

Later he walked out towards the main



"That was the best race you've ridden," said Norma. "It was the horse that wasn't good enough, not you"

gate. Harry Martin was sitting in his car. He was a dapper man, sleek as a seal but infinitely shrewder. He leaned his plump, big-nosed face out of the car window and called, "Hey, Frank! I'll give you a lift."

They drove along Alison Road back towards the city. The sun had gone down and the bottom of the sky was washed to a clear pale lemon. The early evening had a breathless stillness about it, undisturbed by the traffic that moved through it.

"That was a good win," Martin said.

"I thought so."

"Only you didn't deserve it."

So he hadn't fooled everyone, after all. "No."

"You wouldn't have won that race, Frank, if it hadn't been for the horse."

"You always need a horse in a horse race."

Martin gave a ha-ha. "Righto, there's your laugh, Frank. Let's stick to being

serious from now on. You know the horse won on his own. What happened?"

"You know as well as I do." His voice was suddenly as dry as a desert wind. "I've lost my nerve. I'm too old."

"That two years didn't do you any good, eh?"

"That, and the accident. When I came round the bend today I was waiting for the horses in front to come down." He shifted in his seat, the memory itching him. "I can still feel those hooves, Harry."

They drove in silence for a while, the quiet evening outside sliding away into the west. They passed a tram crowded with punters going home and Frank looked at them with envy. All they'd lost, or had to lose, was their money.

Then Martin said, "Mrs. Allsop isn't keen on you riding her horse in the Cup."

"Are you?" he said, afraid of the answer.

Martin's honesty was blunt as a

hammerhead. "No, Frank, I'm not. I think Golden River's got a chance of pulling off the Cup—the best chance I've ever had of training a Cup winner. The way you rode today I don't think you could stand up to the murder of a ride like that. You've ridden in five Melbourne Cups—you know what it's like. It isn't a race for anyone who's lost his nerve."

He could taste his disappointment, bitter in his mouth like copper. He had never ridden a Cup winner, not even a place-getter. Twenty-four years of booting horses home all over Australia, from Randwick and Flemington to bush tracks that had no name, sweating his guts out to make weight, putting his honesty in his back pocket when a horse's connections didn't want him to win, going through the whole grind right down the years, hoping some day to ride a Cup winner.

And now here was the best chance he'd

ever had going down the drain because his nerve had gone.

"Who'll you get?" he said.

"I'll try Jackie Clarke. He's ridden the River before."

"Does this finish us up?"

"You want to go on riding?"

"There's not much else I can do. Except sell men's drapery." He'd done that in the two years' lay-off, from nine o'clock till five in a city store, laying out shirts instead of saddle-cloths, twining ties round his fingers instead of reins. "There's no future in that."

You got no future as a jockey, either, Martin thought. "I'll be taking three other horses to Melbourne. You want to ride one of them?"

He thought of Melbourne: tree-lined St. Kilda Road, the Sunday afternoon parade over Prince's Bridge, the blazing gardens at Flemington. Then he thought of Norma and knew she was more Melbourne than anything else he could remember.

"Yes," he said.

He hadn't been in Melbourne for two years. He had left there immediately after the inquiry and he hadn't been back, hadn't even written. He'd never known what Norma had thought of the scandal and he'd never attempted to explain to her. He had known nothing about the horse being doped. He had never ridden for the connections before and they'd kept their intentions to themselves.

Things might have been all right if they had told him. They'd overdone the horse; he'd noticed the horse was excited as he'd ridden out on to the track but he hadn't taken much notice of it, just put it down to the usual nervousness of an untried two-year-old, and the first real hint of trouble he'd had was when the horse began to stumble as they came round the bend. He'd gone down in a rolling heap and the next few moments had been a confusion of flailing legs, smashing hooves, yells and pain that he could still remember.

He'd woken up in hospital with three broken ribs, a fractured arm, concussion and the news that he was slated to appear at a stewards' inquiry.

Norma had come to see him in hospital, but after the first visit she'd always come with an old friend, Dan Someone-or-other. At the inquiry nobody had believed his story, but he'd got off lightly with two years; the owner and trainer had been warned off for life. He hadn't even gone to say goodbye to Norma. He'd just folded his silks and left Melbourne.

Now he got off the tram in Chapel Street and walked slowly down towards the shop. Maybe she had moved, sold out the shop, married the old friend Dan; a lot could happen in two years. She'd be thirty-four now and you couldn't expect a good-looking woman to remain single all her life.

He pushed open the door and walked into the shop. He stood among the dress-maker's models and swathes of material and felt like a cleric in a harem; he wanted to turn and run, to meet her, if she were still here, on some more common ground.

Then she came through from the back of the shop. She hadn't changed. Her

hair still had the warmth of dark wood, grained with soft lights, and the line of her cheek and chin was firm as ever.

"Hallo, Norma." His voice was thin.

She looked inquiringly at him for a moment, seeing him silhouetted against the frosted-glass door. Then she smiled, warm as noon sun, and put out her hands. "Frank! Oh, it's good to see you!"

"It's good to see you, too." Feeling her fingers entwining in his, he realized how much he'd missed her.

"How have you been, Frank? You never wrote—"

He gestured, a weak movement of the hand. "I didn't think you'd want—well, you know, the suspension and all that. It looked bad. Nobody believed me."

"I'd have believed you, Frank."

"Anyhow, it's all past now."

"Yes," she said. "It's all past."

They talked for a few minutes, awkwardly like strangers suddenly thrown together. Then he asked her to go out with him that night, but she already had a date. He didn't ask if it was with Dan.

He tried again. "How about tomorrow, Saturday night?"

She seemed to hesitate, then she said, "All right, Frank. Tomorrow night."

"You going to the races tomorrow?"

"Yes," she said, and her tone said she wouldn't be going alone.

He didn't see her at Flemington the next afternoon. It was a good day for racing, fine and clear, and he had two rides. In the first race he was trapped in the ruck and didn't get out of it, didn't even try. The horse wasn't good enough to win and he tried to reassure himself that there was no point in taking a risk for something hopeless.

The second ride was on a horse that was second favourite. He rode on the outside of the field, taking the long way home, the safe way, and when he swung wide at the bend the horse couldn't make up the lost distance. He finished second, but it should have been a win.

He changed and went out to watch Golden River come down the straight like a red meteor and take the Hotham Handicap, the race that everyone accepted as a form-pointer for the Cup. Golden River looked a Cup winner all the way and as Frank turned away he could taste his disappointment again. And this time it had the taste of poison, the bitter finish of everything.

NORMA met him in town and they went to dinner at a little place at the top of Collins Street. They'd been here a couple of times in the old days and he'd hoped the familiar surroundings might help him feel more at ease with her. But it didn't help at all. It wasn't all Norma's fault; she was friendly and ready to talk, but there was something there, an unspoken tension, all through dinner.

Then after a long, awkward silence, while they stirred their coffee longer than was necessary, Norma said, "What's happened to you, Frank?"

He said, obstinately, "What d'you mean?"

"You aren't the man I met two and a half years ago."

"I'm older. Maybe that's it."

"I'm older, too, Frank. But I don't

THIS WEEK'S COVER

WHEN the sun is shining on a summer's day, the unlikeliest stretch of water can become an improvised lido. The cover artist, Gilbert Turrall, found this scene among the smoking chimneys and bulging warehouses alongside a Birmingham canal. Turrall is himself a Birmingham man (he lives at Erdington), and has long memories of the spots on the canal banks which generations of youngsters have turned into unofficial bathing places. Though there are now plenty of swimming baths in the city, the youngsters still cling to the old tradition. The moored barges come in useful. And there are no fripperies such as swimming costumes or towels. It's just off with their clothes and in.



think I've changed." She looked down at her cup. "I was at the races this afternoon, Frank. You rode like someone who no longer cared—or who was scared."

He felt himself flushing. "I told you—I'm getting older."

It had been easy to confess to Harry Martin that he'd lost his nerve. But it was different with Norma, with a woman. He blundered on, "Maybe I've got more sense now—I can see when things are hopeless. You don't get anywhere—"

She looked suddenly tired and for the first time he noticed the grey glints in her hair. She seemed to draw into herself, then she said, "You don't get anywhere, you go round and round in a circle—"

Then she braced herself: "I know, Frank. I know exactly how it is."

He took her home to her small flat in Caulfield. She didn't ask him in, and he stood there waiting for her to say something. Then she leaned forward and kissed him on the cheek. "Good night, Frank. Ring me on Monday."

"How about tomorrow?" She shook her head. "I'm going out all day on a picnic."

He said, "Is it Dan?"

"Dan Porter? I haven't seen him in months. It's someone else."

"A nice bloke?"

"I wouldn't be going out with him if he weren't. Good night, Frank. Ring me Monday."

But he wondered if he would. He wondered about it all the weekend, thinking about this new man, the one who seemed to be taking up so much of her time. He wondered about it while he rode work at Flemington on Monday morning, taking the horses round in the pink light of a clear dawn, telling himself he might just as well give up and go back to Sydney. But at nine thirty he was on the phone to the shop.

"You're early," Norma said. "I've only just got in."

"Have a nice day yesterday?"

"Lovely, thanks. When are you going back to Sydney, Frank?"

Did that mean she was looking forward

to seeing the last of him? Doubt assailed him again, and he almost hung up. "I dunno. About next Sunday, I suppose."

"Are you going to live over there for good now?"

"I dunno about that, either. I haven't made up my mind. Look, are you doing anything tonight?" he said, and waited for her to say she had another date.

"Nothing, Frank, unless you ask me."

So he asked her. Harry Martin had driven down from Sydney and he managed to borrow Harry's car. They had dinner at a small place in St. Kilda, then drove round the bay towards Mordialloc. He turned off the main road and drove down towards the beach. Over on the far side of the bay lights glimmered like stars on the edge of the world.

"We've been here before," Norma said.

"I was hoping you'd remember."

"My memory isn't that bad, Frank."

"I thought you'd forgotten all about me."

"Only those things I didn't want to remember," she said.

"Such as?"

"That you ran away. Something happens and you can't take it and you disappear. I was disappointed in you, Frank. And then the more I thought about it, the angrier I got. I hated you for a while."

"Do you hate me now?"

"I don't think so. I was really glad to see you last Friday. But I'm still disappointed."

"Because I'm not the man I was?" He squinted at a twinkle on the other side of the bay, wondering if it was a street light or a star. "Do you blame me for getting old, Norma?"

She was silent for a while, then she said, "Let's go home, Frank. We're not getting anywhere."

They went home, driving in a long, stiff silence. He got out of the car and walked up to her door with her.

"I'm sorry, Norma," he said, and still couldn't bring himself to explain everything to her. "I guess that's just the way it is."

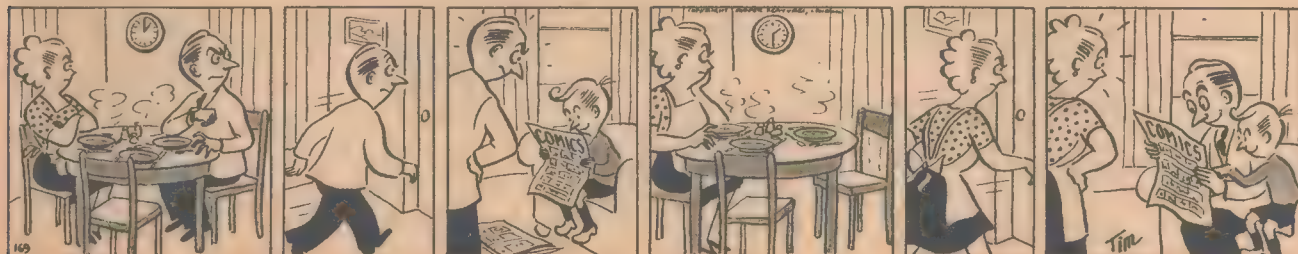
"Best of luck tomorrow, Frank. I wish you were riding in the Cup."

"So do I."

He put his hands on her shoulders and kissed her, almost without pressure. He looked at her for a moment, then he turned and walked quickly out towards the car.

Tuesday was a burning hot day. The raw sky had a suggestion of brass in it and the far side of the course at Flemington wavered like a mirage in the shimmering heat. Women, brightly dressed as the flowers, walked on the lawns, looking for photographers, and men clamoured at the bars. Bookmakers shouted and sweated

OH, JOHNNY!



and a band worked its way lethargically through its repertoire.

Frank rode in the second race, riding on the outside again and finishing fifth. He had a shower, then he went out to watch the next race.

The sky had begun to darken down in the south, a grey stain creeping up into the raw blue, and the heat had now become sticky and oppressive. Thunder rumbled faintly a long way off, then it was lost in a shout of horror that went up from the crowd. Frank stood on tip-toe and looked down towards the bend and saw the leading horse going down and the next three climbing over him in a mad horrible tangle, then the rest of the field was swinging wide and coming down towards the winning-post.

No one was interested in who won; the crowd just looked dumbly down towards the bend. One horse was still crumpled in a heap, looking dead even at this distance; one was walking about, its off foreleg dangling grotesquely; and the other two had galloped off towards the other side of the course. The jockeys were just four coloured heaps, motionless in the sun.

FRANK turned into the jockeys' room. He sat down in a corner, hollow all through and ready to be sick. He could feel every sensation of that fall at the bend, memory projecting him into the thick of it: the ground coming up at you at a thousand miles an hour, the heavy dull sound of the horse hitting it, the forest of flailing legs, the hooves smashing at you and just missing, and finally the hoof you never saw, just felt, and then the sudden blackness.

He was still sitting in the corner, listening to the tense talk of the jockeys who'd just come in from that race, when he was told Harry Martin wanted him outside.

Martin looked as though someone had kicked him in the stomach. "Get into your silks, Frank. You're riding Golden River in the Cup."

"Why, what's wrong?"

"Jackie Clarke was in that smash. He's busted his collarbone."

"You reckon I'll be all right?" He didn't want to ride; all the ambition and disappointment had gone with the sight of the falling horses. All he could taste now was his fear.

Martin slapped his hips with his palms. "There's no one else. You'll be all right, Frank. Just hang on to your nerve. Hang on to it till you get past that post as the winner and then you can have a complete breakdown if you like. I'll pay for it."

Martin turned away and Frank went back into the room. He dressed slowly, with the slow deliberation of a man trying to stretch out his last moments, then he went out to the birdcage. Martin gave him his instructions, and he moved across towards the horse.

Golden River was a big, rawboned chestnut, deep in the chest and full of speed. He moved in the sun and the power of him was visible as flashing light along the sleek red coat. Frank swung up into the saddle.

The horses went out of the gate, prancing nervously as they smelled the coming storm, and down along the track in front of the stands. The shouting died down in the betting ring and a nervous tension of excitement gripped the crowd.

There were thirty-two runners and Frank had drawn number twelve marble. Hot Rod, the favourite, was number two, and the joint second favourite with Golden River was on the outside of the field. The starter called the horses up and the hush that fell over the course seemed accentuated by the impending storm.

Then the tapes went up and as Frank heaved Golden River forward he heard the thunder break with a crash over in the city.

There was a scramble as the riders

fought for the rails. Then they had sorted themselves out and settled down to the two-mile run round to the post. A rangy bay had taken the lead and close behind him were Hot Rod and a grey. Golden River was in the second bunch, hemmed in on the rails but moving easily. There was nothing to worry about just yet.

The mile post dropped behind, then the seven furlongs, and still the bay was in front. At the five furlongs the bay began to falter and the field began to move up.

Frank sneaked a look over his shoulder and saw the mass of horses moving in on him through a cloud of dust, and suddenly the fear shot through him like a stab of pain. He whipped his face to the front again, letting the horse beneath him have its head while he fought the paralysis that held him.

Then they were swinging into the bend. The field went round in a tight bunch, leaning in to hug the rails, legs pumping, muscles heaving, power in every line of the multi-coloured mass.

Hot Rod went to the front in a sudden burst and Frank saw the rapidly closing gap in front of him that was his last chance if he was to catch the favourite. The grey was swinging in toward the rails and in a moment Golden River would be cut off, trapped in a pocket that wouldn't open up till after they'd passed the post.

Frank felt the fear still holding him, then suddenly there was a forward lunge as Golden River aimed at the diminishing space. All the years of experience were suddenly there in Frank's hands and they were stronger than the fear; this was the last chance and there'd never be another.

He leaned forward in the saddle, yelling something he'd never be able to remember, feeling his left leg scrape the rail and his right catch behind the knee of the jockey on the grey, knowing an awful moment when he thought he wouldn't make it. Then he was through and there was only Hot Rod in front of him.

He got up and rode as he'd never ridden before. He caught Hot Rod at the furlong post and they went flying down the wide stretch towards the roaring crowd and the post coming at them with the speed of wind. The horses' noses moved backwards and forwards like pistons, first one in front, then the other. Frank heaved in the saddle, almost lifting Golden River, and the white post was behind them and the race was over.

THE storm had broken and rain fell in sheets as Frank walked out of the jockeys' room and down along the side of the stand. He turned up his coat collar and ducked his head against the rain.

He walked blindly into Norma without seeing her. He took her arm and they walked towards the gates. "I didn't win," he said.

"No," she said. "But is that the important thing?"

"I wanted to win," he said. "I thought I had. When they announced the result of the photo-finish I couldn't believe it for a minute."

She pressed his hand. "That was the best race you've ever ridden, Frank. It was the horse that wasn't good enough, not you."

He grinned at her through the rain. "You don't think I'm too old?"

"No. I think you're just right."

"Where's your friend, the nice bloke?"

She looked at him. "He hasn't an option on all my time."

He stopped. "Does that mean—well, have I—look, Norma, I love you."

She smiled at him, the rain falling from her cheeks. "I know, Frank. I wondered when you were going to find the nerve to tell me."

He started to speak, and stopped. She took his arm, and they walked on. His bitterness about losing the race suddenly dissolved. That was one Cup. There were a lot more Cups for a man who's regained his nerve.

We could all have a turn at the mike

by HERBERT HODGE

I'VE JUST BEEN ENJOYING a new "How to do it" book. For me, a good "how" book can be more exciting than a detective story. I never mind much what it's about. Whether it's a book on how to draw, how to knit, how to ride a horse or how to pilot an aeroplane—the author can always count on finding an absorbed reader in me.

After all, I never know when I may have to do these things. There's no telling what awkward situations may lie ahead of me.

Pilots sometimes fall out of planes, or get suddenly taken ill. And passengers are always liable to lose their woollies. I like to feel that, if necessary, I could

coming across my photograph in a paper—just to see if I was the little lad whom they used to be so kind to. Their paper, they said, described some radio talks I'd been giving. What puzzled them was that they'd never once heard me, though they listened to the radio all day long.

We cast back our minds to the last time I'd talked. They thought it over. They were certain they'd been listening all day. They remembered that day particularly because they'd had several of their grown-up nieces and nephews to tea in the evening. They'd all been listening, and thoroughly enjoying it—the variety, the records, the quiz, the news, everything.

Then, at last, it came. The smaller old lady suddenly said: "Oh, I forgot! Don't you remember, dear? We noticed there was somebody talking and switched it off."

They looked at me triumphantly. The problem was solved. "That," they said, "must have been you."

Whatever the results of my own efforts may be, I feel that the radio talk, considered as an art (or a form of entertainment), has never been given the attention it deserves.

I'd like to see talks occupying a far more important place in radio programmes than they do at present. But before we can hope for that, of course, we've got to find more talkers who are worth listening to.

The good broadcaster writes by ear, like a composer writing a piece of music. One man writes something to be played on a manufactured musical instrument; the other writes something to be played on his own voice.

There must be at least one interesting radio talk in nearly every man and



A knitting pilot . . .

pilot the plane and knit myself a jumper at the same time. In any case, it's nice to know how—if only to be able to appreciate, or criticize, the professionals.

The book I've just been reading is about how to give a radio talk—something I've often felt the pain of trying to do, but never quite felt the pleasure of having done.

The worst part of giving a talk, of course, is wondering whether anybody's listening. It gives you such an empty feeling. I've never known how many people were listening to me. If the B.B.C. knows, it keeps the figures a secret.

I once got a bit of backhanded encouragement from a girl who worked for one of the privately run public opinion polls. She'd been knocking at people's doors to ask them whether they listened to the religious services. And one woman told her she'd be quite willing to listen—if this particular sinner preached the sermon.

"Now that," I said, "is what I call a very interesting answer. I hope you made a note of it."

"I couldn't," said the girl. "The form allowed for only two answers. Did they listen, or didn't they? The answer there was obviously 'no.'"

Ever since then I've had a slight doubt about the value of public opinion polls. What's the use of asking people their opinion if you have to leave out all the really thoughtful answers?

More usual with me is the kind of answer I got from two charming old ladies whom I hadn't seen since I was a small boy. They called on me after



Switched me off . . .

woman—some personal experience of life that would interest nearly all of us, if only the teller could tell it naturally at the mike. That's why I want to recommend this new book on how to do it. It's called *Public Speaking and Broadcasting*, by Walter Wright.

I'd like to see the book on the shelves of every public library. And then perhaps we might hope to hear Tom, Dick and Harry—and Jane, Mary and Ethel—telling us about those fascinating lives of theirs, and sounding as if they meant it.

There's a copper on your track

by GEOFFREY WILLIAMSON

He's not after you, of course—he's the British Railways' new policeman. And with £4,000,000-worth of goods and mail stolen a year, he's kept well on the go

A LECTURE ON THE three-card trick, followed by a spell of ju-jitsu and unarmed combat; a demonstration of how to leave an express train travelling at fifty miles an hour; a session with a bunch of skeleton keys—that might be the programme for an average morning's work at the new British Railways Police School at Tadworth, Surrey.

The Railway Police used to be something of a Cinderella force, and its training, organized independently by the four railway companies, lacked plan and purpose. Recruits were either instructed locally by senior officers, in the manner of the Home Guard, or sent to civil police

schools, a system that made uniformity of methods and ideas almost impossible.

Tadworth has changed all that. Under its chief, Commandant G. V. Frankton, a former superintendent of the London Police, the school will train 600 men and women recruits a year. These will become officers in a single unit some 4,500 strong which, combining six regional forces, is second in strength only to the Metropolitan Police itself.

The new Railway Police Force faces a big problem. Crime on the railways has increased alarmingly in the last few years. Ranging from well-organized thefts of goods and mail to petty pilfering at stations, yearly losses are put at £4,000,000.

Railway crime presents peculiar difficulties. Cases in which railway employees are in collusion with expert gangs are quite frequent, and by their very nature are difficult to unravel. Being thoroughly familiar with railway routine, the "inside" men are able to time each coup perfectly.

Property worth £7,000 was diverted by one gang of seven before they were caught and sentenced. Their massive hauls would never have been possible without the collusion of a van driver and his guard who were responsible for transporting parcels from a depot in Whitecross Street to Waterloo Station.

During each journey they turned into a quiet side street, where their confederates waited with a car. Certain selected parcels were then transferred and driven to a woman receiver in Stockwell. This routine was followed for months before the thefts were detected.

New Line In Crime

Another example of collusion came to light early this year when two brothers named Taylor were sentenced at Chester, one for stealing, the other for receiving. They had invented a very ingenious trick, described by the prosecution as an "entirely new departure in crime." One brother sent a large wooden box by rail from Bridgend, Glamorgan, to Chester, where the other was employed as a checker. The box was labelled: "MR. JONES. TO BE CALLED FOR."

Watching his opportunity, the checker slipped a carton of cigarettes worth £164 into the specially prepared box, which was duly collected by "Mr. Jones"—his brother. They might easily have continued cashing in but for their own stupidity in attempting the bulk disposal of the cigarettes in the neighbourhood.

Some railway thefts have a disturbing simplicity. In March six sorting clerks were sentenced at the Old Bailey for their part in a "relabelling racket" which was said to have developed at Waterloo Station "like a snowball." Their practice was to readdress parcels to themselves. One of the guilty men admitted that he had made £1,384 from the sale of diverted parcels.

A simple trick that baffled the police for weeks was exploited by the guard of a train which ran past Chepstow. This man's back garden adjoined the track and he caught the habit of giving himself a daily surprise packet by tossing a parcel into his cabbage patch as he went by.

But it would be very unfair to suppose that the black sheep among the railway workers were anything more than a small minority. The Railway Clerks' Association is supporting a new poster campaign to put down pilfering and denounces the "unprincipled few" that threaten the good name and integrity of their service.

And many railwaymen have suffered maiming and injury in hand-to-hand

fight with armed gangs. Quite recently three armed men, faces blackened Commando-fashion, raided a Scottish station, beat up the stationmaster and, after holding up the booking clerk, made off with a £1,000 payroll.

That was probably the work of desperate thugs, but there are well-organized gangs that work to exact schedules and with great boldness. The double attack on the mail of two crack night expresses some months ago is a good example.

The express from Glasgow had left Rugby on its last lap to London when, at three in the morning, somebody pulled the communication cord and brought the train to a stop near Hillmorton, in Warwickshire. There it was delayed forty minutes, and while police were searching the rifled mail van information came that a similar attack had been made on the Irish Mail which left Euston for Holyhead the previous evening at eight fifteen.

The Plot Thickened

Before dawn, inquiries were being made in four centres—Chester, Crewe, Rugby and Lichfield. Evidence began to accumulate. Wrappings from opened packages were found strewn on the track near Lichfield and a farmer from Hillmorton reported being awakened by his dogs in time to see two men running through his farmyard.

Gradually and patiently the two crimes were linked until the police were able to compile a timetable and attempt a theory. The two thieves were assumed to have hidden in the guard's van of the Irish Mail at Rugby at about 10 p.m., to have rifled the mailbags between there and Crewe, to have left the Irish train at the latter station and, at 1 a.m., caught the south-bound Glasgow express, in which they brought off their second coup.

Thus in a matter of hours two men working coolly had succeeded in the theft of several thousands of pounds.

Apart from such drama as armed hold-ups and night mail robberies, the Railway Police have to deal with a variety of minor and very troublesome offences. Pickpockets and card sharpers—some of these are always to be found on the race specials—suitcase thieves and fare bilkers, keep the railway detectives fully occupied. The Tadworth Training School gives the modern railway policeman a thorough training for tackling these offenders.

Own "999" System

Although classwork, with lectures and theoretical studies, necessarily forms a major part of the training, incidents are "mocked up" to reproduce typical problems involving detection, arrest and interrogation of travel crooks. Students have lessons in finger-printing, camera work, locks and skeleton keys, and there is a lot of time devoted to the protection of valuable traffic.

Members of the old individual company forces are being resworn into the new police body, which is to be organized on modern lines with radio vans, mobile squads and its own "999" system.

The man responsible for its organization is its chief officer, W. B. Richards, who, at fifty-five, looks back on forty years' service with the old L.M.S. Railway. With the school at Tadworth to help him, Chief Officer Richards is cautiously optimistic about the chances of bringing the present high rate of railway crime under control.

A unified command, a pooling of knowledge and resources, and a regular entry of young and well-trained officers suggests that his optimism is justified.



Women students learn self-defence at the Railway Police School. Also taught: the three-card trick and how to leap from a racing express



"You've got to find out what makes a bird keen." Arthur White welcomes back one of his flock after a race

Pigeons keep their secret

by ERIC WAINWRIGHT

Thousands of them flying in the crack competitions can be spurred by jealousy or greed to make them go all out. But no one really knows how they find their way

BECAUSE IT TAKES four or five years to train a good team of racing pigeons, fanciers who had to give up their lofts during the war are only just beginning to strike form again. Competition between the 70,000 owners with their 1,500,000 pigeons is so close that less than a minute's flying time may divide a winner from the bird taking twentieth place.

Every Friday night a race begins from the yard behind The Griffin, in Brentford, Middlesex. The secretary rings each bird's leg with a rubber racing band, and the president enters its number in the flight book. The baskets are sealed and sent by rail to the point of liberation.

When the birds have left there is tension among the forty club members who straggle towards the public bar worrying about the weather. If there is a following wind tomorrow it will be a fast sixty miles per hour fly, but a strong headwind "up the nose" may cut the velocity by half, and if it should rain hard the race will be off.

The race is only a short 131-mile hop, and prizes and sidebets will not total

more than £20, but every owner is dead set on being among the first six.

Forty-five year old Arthur White shoves his cap back on his head, lifts a pint of ale. "I've put thirty of my birds into this toss. Reckon I'll be lucky not to lose a couple or three."

Their Pathfinders

How do pigeons find their way from 500 miles away to a tiny loft in a crowded city? Nobody knows; but Professor G. Ising, of Sweden, claims that the homing mechanism is in the ears.

The earth's spin exerts a force called the Coriolis force on any flying object, and the professor's theory is that the three canals in each ear detect this force, which varies with latitudes. Another theory suggests that they navigate by the earth's magnetism.

The most recent opinion comes from an American, Professor H. C. Yeagley, who thinks that both theories are related, because the earth's line of magnetic force cuts the lines of latitude with which the Coriolis forces are linked, forming a grid like the Army's map-reading system.

"Maybe so," agrees Arthur White, doubtfully, "it's out of my province,

really. One thing I will say: you've got to teach a bird to love his home."

It is late Saturday afternoon, and Arthur stands in his back garden watching for his first racers to appear above the chimney pots. "We heard they were liberated two and a half hours ago, so you can expect them dropping down any time."

At the end of his garden is a green-and-white painted loft, divided to hold forty-two racers and eighteen young birds. Along the side in the shade of a plum tree is another loft for the stock birds. The lofts cost £60 to build, and his sixty-three birds are worth about £250.

Corn costs 8s. a week, racing fees are 1s. 2d. a bird and he lays 5s. a week in sidebets. From seven weeks the young birds are sent by train to stations thirty miles away and released by the porters; these training tosses cost 2s. 6d. His sport costs Arthur about 30s. a week, but against this he has sold thirty-five young birds this year at an average price of 25s., and there is always the chance of winning a prize or sidebet.

The real fascination in pigeon flying lies in the training of the birds. "I spend hours sitting in the loft getting to know

my pigeons," Arthur explains. "You've got to, to find out what makes each bird keen."

"Now some will work their insides out to race home if they're sitting on eggs about to hatch. Others are best when feeding babies. Sometimes you work on their jealousy."

"I remember old Charlie putting a strange cock in with a hen. When the proper husband came back the feathers flew. That night Charlie entered both cocks for a race 200 miles off."

"The husband won by a clear ten minutes. Jealous, see. Had to get back. But he was very humpty after; he'd flown himself right out."

Arthur steps back softly, pointing skyward. "There he is, the little beauty. Old Grizzle, that is." He looks upwards at a small high-flying dot which is dropping from the edge of a thundercloud. Rattling a corn tin he climbs the steps of the loft, cooing and clucking loudly.

Afraid Of Strangers

But Old Grizzle lands on a chimney pot, turning his head this way and that. Inside the loft Arthur makes soothing noises for about ten seconds before the pigeon leaves the chimney and swoops through the door.

"It's that bloke pointing the wall across the way," Arthur grunts, slipping the racing band from the bird's leg. "Anything strange will make them hold back and maybe lose a race. Even if I was to wear a different pullover they'd be uneasy."

Working skilfully, he rolls the band into a metal thimble, pushes it into a large, round timeclock (cost £12), and clicks the striker. A small pin prick records the exact time on a circular card.

By now, Arthur's birds are dropping in twos and threes every few minutes. He holds up the timeclock, peering closely. "My first has done it in two hours forty-one minutes dead. That ought to give me a chance." He begins to work out the average speed in yards, as results are based on yards to the minute.

The pigeon, which is one of the fastest of birds (they have been clocked at over 90 m.p.h.), is also one of the gamest. With broken legs and breasts ripped open by wire, they will still fly on.

Arthur seldom loses more than three or four birds a year and they are usually the victims of unforeseen bad weather. One of the worst disasters occurred last July in the 500-mile Grand Northern Ireland race from Rennes to Belfast. Of 966 birds released only ten arrived, exhausted after fighting strong headwinds.

Deciding The Winner

At seven o'clock, in best cap and blue suit, Arthur takes his timeclock to The Griffin, where the club members gather for times to be checked.

While the committee work upstairs the owners drift down to the bar. Arthur is quietly confident of being among the first six—prizes being given in proportion of twenty-eight, twenty-three, eighteen, fourteen, ten and seven per cent—but when the results come down he is ninth.

He drinks quietly, hiding disappointment. The winning bird is a cock called Joe Dudley. He looks round, brightening. "Oi, Harry, that Joe Dudley of yours—one of my birds, wasn't he?"

"Ah, that's right, one of those squeakers I bought off you two seasons ago."

"Beaten by my own bird," roars Arthur, delightedly banging the counter. "Amazing, isn't it?" And he goes home entirely happy. There is as much honour in breeding a winner as in flying it.

Pigeon racing is like that. It is one of the few sports where more people play than watch, and the gamblers haven't got round to tarnishing it yet.

A SORT OF TRAITORS

by **NIGEL BALCHIN**

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DITTON

EARNESTLY PORING OVER their experiments in the Haughton Laboratory, Professor Sewell's research workers were a good, a devoted team.

Their white smocks gave them a fine, anonymous unity. Occasionally, impatience and frustration did break through. But, on the whole, they could see the wood as well as the trees; they knew that the object of their research was worth all those laborious hours at the test bench.

That object was nothing less than the saving of millions of lives through the control of epidemics. Already they were well on the way to achieving it. Already there were tangible results. It was time, they felt, that Professor Sewell threw caution to the winds and let the world know of those results.

Out of their smocks, away from the laboratory, the Haughton workers made as varied a group of personalities as any found in office or factory.

Sewell himself was a strange mixture of contradictions. A bit of an actor, he loved playing the distinguished scientist, gloried in being lionized. As his daughter Mab told him, he toyed with other people's lives, kept himself only for his scientific work. He had left his wife long since, ruthlessly deciding that science was a full-time job with no hours to spare listening to inane chatter. But he was still fond of his daughter Mab, now married to a civil servant, Ralph Peach.

Sewell's team included Shole, his right-hand man; Bob Marriott, a rather adolescent young biologist who was trying to engineer an affair with his fellow worker Lucy Byrne; and Lucy herself.

Lucy Byrne's private life had been knocked cock-eyed when her fiancé, Ivor Gates, had come back from the war minus both arms. Now she lived with him, looked after him hand and foot, and had to put up with his jealous masochistic rage when she had a drink with Marriott and was a few minutes late in coming home.

At last, Professor Sewell himself decided that the results of the laboratory's experiments on epidemics control should be published. Ironically, on the very day that he hesitantly made his decision, the laboratory was visited by Sir Guthrie Brewer, scientific adviser to the Government.

There was little love lost between Brewer and Sewell, who had no inhibitions about showing his monumental scorn for a man he considered to be a mere bureaucrat. But he allowed him to look around the laboratory.

And then the storm broke. For Sir Guthrie's visit wasn't one of academic curiosity. The stuff Sewell was producing might well save lives and curb epidemics, he said; but what would happen if it got into wrong hands—into the hands of an enemy who wanted to reverse the process and start bigger and better epidemics?

His advice to the Government was "Suppress publication of Sewell's work." Sewell, blazing with anger, saw Gatling, Lord President of the Council, about it.

Gatling was charming, persuasive and blunt in turn. Whatever Sewell might feel about scientists' loyalty to the whole world, he said, the government of a country must be concerned with the practical effects of scientific discovery on the welfare of the state. Could Sewell deny the danger of placing the results of the Haughton research at the disposal of possible future enemies?

Sewell came away in an uncertain

To Lucy, the Professor was a distinguished old man. To Marriott, Ivor was a brave, tragic wreck. Neither could guess at the host's real motives

mood. The conversation had served only to aggravate his personal dilemma. Although he broke the news to the staff—that the Government was adamantly against publication—although the Official Secrets Act now threw its shadow across the laboratory, he didn't feel like giving up the fight. As a preliminary, he wrote to an American professor friend.

An official watch was now being kept on Sewell and the letter was, of course, intercepted. Ralph Peach, Sewell's civil servant son-in-law, a little concerned about the old man's pig-headedness, went to see Prince, one of "the Dogs" tailing the professor. Prince wasn't over-worried. "Tell him not to be an old fool, or you'll smack his behind," he said.

For Bob Marriott events took a new turn. Ivor Gates, Lucy's boy friend, turned up at the lab. one day, and went into Lucy's emotional tangles with him. He grew a little hysterical, but apologized after Lucy returned and quietened him down.

To Marriott it seemed that he and Ivor were now friends. Lucy wasn't so sure. Bitter, cynical and clever, Ivor could be quite ruthless if he wanted to "get at" somebody. And, it seemed to her, Ivor, jealous of Marriott, was "getting at him."

However, Marriott insisted on meeting his "friend" again, and one night the three of them went and had a drink together. Brown, a Bloomsbury friend of Ivor's, came along, and after a couple of pints, Marriott's tongue grew a little too loose over his indignation at the Government's security measures at the lab. Brown was interested, but the party broke up early.

As the fact began to sink in that he couldn't fight the Government, all the bounce went out of Professor Sewell. He felt old. One day, on impulse, he went down to see his wife.

He was surprised to find her waiting to greet him at the station—Mab had warned her. He was disconcerted and a little ashamed by the preparations she had made for his visit. She seemed to have become completely unselfish. She was, however, still a bore and he was glad to get away—though even more uncertain now of himself as an individual.

To buck up his morale he invited Lucy out to dinner with him. Surprised, Lucy accepted, mentally noting that she would have to get somebody to sit in with Ivor. Ivor accepted the news gladly. He knew very well who he wanted to have sit in with him: high time, he told himself, that he really got busy on Mr. Marriott.

PART V

Lucy Dines with Sewell

THE lavatories were the most modern part of the Haughton Laboratory. In fact, they were so good and had cost so much money that Sewell had shocked the Council by proposing a chair of

skatological research, and had threatened to move his whole department into them.

"Here, gentlemen, are taps that run—basins that are cleanable—decent lighting—all the things that I've been asking for in my department since about 1920. Let us give up the dull pursuit of science and spend our days in luxurious excretion and lavage."

But they were invaluable if one was going out for the evening direct from the laboratory. Lucy took the dark-green silk frock out of her suitcase, hung it up and examined it carefully. It hadn't creased. She took off the jersey and the old check skirt and started to wash.

Sewell had told her not to dress, but one could hardly go out to dinner in a jersey and skirt with a darned-sulphuric acid burn in the front. And, anyhow, it was impossible for anyone to look over-dressed in the green frock, which was short and at least four years old.

At twenty past seven Lucy stepped back from the mirror and looked at herself sulkily.

Taken bit by bit it wasn't bad. Quite passable legs. Quite a reasonable shape as shapes go. Nice hair, very sleek and thick and heavy. Eyes a bit like the mud at the bottom of a pond but not piggy or boot-buttony. And yet the whole effect was dull and dowdy.

She smiled at her reflection, and that was better. She curved her upper lip back so that her teeth showed and that was better still, particularly when she turned her head sideways. . . . After a while she remembered that she was going out with Professor Sewell, not with Mr. Gregory Peck. She gave a faint giggling snort.

Gazing at her alert, amused reflection, Lucy decided sadly that twenty-four was a very difficult age. One had neither poise nor youth. . . .

SEWELL sat at the glass-topped table staring fixedly at his second whisky and soda. It had been there some time now and the bubbles were only rising in half a dozen slender threads.

He saw Lucy come in. She was wearing a dark-green frock and carrying her coat over her arm. She looked very pretty, but rather like somebody's very intelligent typist. Sewell said:

"Hallo, Lucy, here you are," and for some reason shook hands with her. She smiled at him rather shyly and said: "Sorry I'm late."

"You aren't. I'm early. Would you like to get rid of your coat . . . ?"

Sewell went back to his table, and waited until she reappeared. She didn't look round the room but kept her eyes on him as she walked towards the table. Sewell got up and said: "Now—a drink. Martini or—?"

"Martini, please." She sat down. Sewell smiled at her and said: "That's a very charming frock." She was

uncomfortable, and she was very young. But she had a certain calmness. He had noticed it before.

She said: "Very old and quite unsuitable. But it's the only one I've got."

Sewell said: "On coming to think of it I seem to have expected you to come in a white coat." He beckoned a waiter. "Dry Martini and a whisky and soda, please."

MARRIOTT said: "You have the infected flies in a sort of little cage, and you strap it on so that they can get a good bite at you. I'm a good subject. Flies always like the taste of me."

"You know, I just don't think I could do that."

"Why not? There's nothing to it."

"Perhaps not to you. But the idea of letting something bite you which you know's infected. . . ." Ivor shook his head with a grimace and sucked at his straws.

Marriott was pleased. "One gets used to it," he said lightly. "After all, it's one's job." He sipped his whisky.

Ivor said: "You like that better than beer, don't you?"

Marriott hesitated. "Well, yes. On the whole I do. Beer's all right, but. . . ."

"But it's got a filthy smell and a filthy taste. Otherwise it's fine, eh?" Ivor smiled and added quickly: "I feel just the same."

"Do you?" said Marriott with relief. "I've never liked it much. One drinks it, of course, but. . . ."

"Beer," said Ivor, "is a drink for the unintelligent. Do you mind catching Phil's eye? I think there's enough soda." He sucked the dregs out of his glass and sighed. "It's extremely kind of you to have given up an evening like this."

"It's extremely kind of you to have asked me."

"But that's the snag. I can't ask anybody to a meal without its being rather—rather difficult and embarrassing for them. So it has to be somebody whom I know well and like a lot."

Marriott blushed and said: "Well. . . ."

"Besides," said Ivor calmly: "I had an idea that you might like it, too. One either has something for people or hasn't, you know. Last time I think we both felt that we could have done without the rest of the company."

"Yes. I was sorry when Brown came."

"Oh, not only Brown. It was a nuisance having Lucy there." Ivor was looking up with his odd, intimate, feminine smile. "Women are very nice at certain times and irreplaceable for certain purposes. But, by God, how tired one gets of them!"

There was no need any longer to play safe and agree. One knew Ivor now. Marriott said: "Living alone in digs one is chiefly conscious of the irreplaceability part of it."

Ivor laughed and stared at him with very bright eyes. "I dare say," he said. "I dare say one's very conscious of it. I wonder how Lucy's getting on with her professor?"

Marriott said: "I wonder. I can't quite see why he suddenly wanted to take her out. He's never taken me out."

"I don't think it's very odd that anybody should want to take Lucy out," said Ivor, with his white-toothed smile. "Can't you see his point of view?"

Marriott blushed, but it was quite



"The privilege of age," said Sewell, "is to be harmless—even to pretty girls." Lucy felt like questioning the harmlessness. But that would be cheek

easy to grin back. "Oh, come," he said. "The old boy's well over sixty. As far as I can make out he used to be a hell of a lad. But surely nowadays—?"

"Nevertheless," said Ivor solemnly, "we mustn't underestimate him. Many a good girl's found something fascinating about white hair. And then where should we be?" He grinned again. "Partner, I look to you to keep an eye on our interests."

"Leave it to me," said Marriott, with a conspiratorial gesture. It was quite easy when one knew Ivor and had got used to his way.

THE white wine had an indescribable roundness and smoothness. Sewell was saying: "It's a matter on which it's practically impossible to be objective. But trying not to be a sixty-year-old diehard or, worse, a sixty-year-old radical, I feel that there has been progress in practically every direction that doesn't matter. When were you born?"

"Nineteen twenty-four."

"Good heavens! You make me feel like a patriarch. Well, now, my mother was born in eighteen fifty. She was an intelligent, well-educated woman—in fact, she took quite a part in the move-

ment for the New Education for women. I remember well her ambitions for women. The vote. Higher education. Entrance to the professions—all the usual feminist programme. Well, we're just about a hundred years from her birth and here are you—the young woman she dreamed about. I wonder what she would have thought of you?"

"I doubt if I'm a very good sample," said Lucy apologetically. "I'm not very—very modern really. I often think I should have done better in—in the nineties, say."

Sewell said: "You talk about the nineties as history. They were part of my life."

There was a moment's silence. Sewell was staring away across the room. The lines of his face seemed suddenly to have drooped and sagged. He turned his head suddenly and said: "Why do you think you would have liked the nineties?"

She had been thinking of the clothes, but that was childish. "It always sounds rather colourful," she said feebly.

"You'd certainly have looked very nice," said Sewell without a moment's hesitation. "Now let's see—what would you have worn? Your hat would have been. . . ."

The waiter was removing the plates.

Lucy leaned back in her chair with an inward sigh of contentment. It was so easy. It was all taken and done for you. It wasn't particularly brilliant or exciting, but there was no tension—no fear—no watching points.

It was the calmness of the old that was so attractive.

"Your views, like your waist, would have been tightly laced into the corsets of the period. But the mental and physical corsets of one's own day are never intolerable. One accepts them as part of life."

Sewell cut his cheese. Lucy noticed with foolish surprise that his hands, though beautifully shaped and kept, were an elderly man's hands, and that they shook slightly.

He looked up and said: "What interests me is whether the removal of the nineteenth-century corset—the mental one, I mean—has brought greater happiness. It has certainly brought greater freedom. But they're not necessarily the same thing."

"I don't know," said Lucy thoughtfully. "I should have said happiness was a—a personal thing—that you either had it or not, and that the—the conventions didn't make much difference."

Sewell shook his head. "You may be right, but I doubt it. Look at your-

self. I don't know anything about the life you lead. But you've got a job. You can keep yourself. It's not necessary, if you want to remain a lady, to sit meekly at home waiting for somebody to come and marry you. It's not necessary, when you do marry, to go into marriage completely ignorant of what it means."

He looked down at his plate for a moment and then turned the fine grey eyes full on her. "Let me try to show you what I mean. You are a very attractive young woman of twenty-four. You have chosen so far not to marry. In my day, to have suggested to you that you were not a virgin would have been a gross insult. Nowadays it's merely a glimpse of the obvious."

Her eyes were a curious greeny-brown. She had a certain calmness. She smiled slightly and said: "It's rather disconcerting to be told that it's as obvious as all that."

Sewell laughed. "I don't mean obvious when one looks at you—though of course it is, if it comes to that. What I mean is that it's obvious from the situation. Or, at least, highly probable. Whereas virginity until marriage was the norm of female social behaviour, now it's rather the exception. Now that's a tremendous change—a step towards what

is loosely called 'freedom.' But is it a step towards happiness?"

"I don't know," said Lucy simply. "I've no—no standard of comparison. Do you think so?" Whatever happened, it was essential to go on looking straight at him, to go on talking quietly and thoughtfully, so as to justify the compliment of being talked to as one grown-up person to another.

"I don't know either," said Sewell, "from the female point of view." He gave a startlingly boyish grin. "From the point of view of the lascivious male, of course, it's an admirable reform."

BILL BROWN was still wearing a navy-blue shirt and a green tie. Judging from their condition they might easily have been the same ones. His eyes bulged even more than Marriott had remembered. He said: "Let's have another drink. What is it? Whisky?"

Ivor glanced at Marriott and said: "Well, I don't know. You're rather behind the party. We've had several already."

"Never mind. I'll drink doubles and catch up."

As Brown went to the bar Ivor leaned over and said quietly: "Watch Bill on drinks. He's got a head like concrete."

Marriott nodded sagely. It was pleasant to feel that he and Ivor were together whereas Brown was something outside the party. When his drink came he merely sipped it and put it down. In fact, he had never felt more clear-headed in his life—far more so than he usually felt after a pint of beer.

On the next round Ivor insisted on drinking plain soda water, and Marriott did the same. Brown grunted something about getting them a nice cup of cocoa, but it didn't matter what Brown thought. He drank his drinks in a peculiar way, letting them stand on the table for some time and then taking them off at a single gulp. But he was certainly a good deal brighter than Marriott had thought. He seemed to have a slight bee in his bonnet about Americans. "What was it old Jowett said? 'Let us not create for ourselves any new necessities.' That might be a definition of American civilization—the creation of new necessities."

"Isn't it a definition of civilization in general?" said Ivor.

"Define a necessity," said Marriott. He pushed his glasses on more firmly and looked at them challengingly. It was obvious that they couldn't. "A necessity is something you *think* is necessary. That's all. Even food is only necessary because we think we must go on living. In fact, it doesn't matter a damn whether we go on living or not—in any absolute way."

"Talking of food—?" said Ivor.

"There's no hurry. Why interrupt perfectly good drinking just to eat?" Brown nodded at Marriott and said: "That's where the scientist scores. He takes these social questions and puts them right down on bed-rock."

"Yes," said Ivor. "It's a capacity I always find completely terrifying."

They both sat and looked at Marriott in silence for a moment. He sat and smiled quietly and inscrutably at them.

"And yet that young man," said Brown to Ivor, "has no more power than you or I. He thinks in a different way—a much *better* way. Yet as society is organized his opinion counts for no more than ours—or any crossing sweeper's."

"Except that the scientist draws the blueprint of the future of civilization and the crossing sweeper doesn't," said Marriott, slightly offended.

"But forgive me," said Brown excitedly. "That's just what I wanted to get at. When we were in here the other night you yourself were complaining that you weren't *free* to do your



"The other day it went off and gave poor Mrs. R. hysterics"

work. That it was censored and controlled. . . ."

"He's free to do the work," said Ivor. "What he isn't free to do is to publish it."

"Well, where's the difference? He's free to draw his blueprint, but he can't show it to anybody. Who stops him? Presumably some Government department. Drawing power from the vote of the crossing sweeper. Or so I gathered." He turned to Marriott. "Don't talk about this if you don't want to. God forbid that I should ask about your State Secrets. It's the *principle* that I'm interested in. Have I stated it fairly?"

Marriott hesitated. "Yes. Up to a point. But I don't see that there's anything secret about the principle. It is simply a fact that scientists are stopped from publishing valuable work—for political reasons."

"Quite. And, of course, the scientists accept that. They daren't do anything else. See what's been happening to them in America. . . ."

"They *don't* accept it," said Marriott curtly. "At least I don't. Nor do plenty of others. But what can they do?"

Brown shrugged his shoulders. "It's always easy to suggest heroism for other people. But I should have expected that somewhere there would be a scientist who'd snap his fingers in the crossing sweeper's face and publish and be damned."

Ivor said: "I suppose even scientists have to live and keep out of jail and so on."

"It's all very well," said Marriott with sullen anger. "But even if anyone were prepared to—to risk all that, he couldn't do any real good. It's not

a question of publish and be damned. Nobody *could* publish the stuff—or print it or distribute it."

"Why not?"

"Because the Government would stop it. They've got complete control. . . ."

"Yo-ho!" said Brown. "Have they?" He leaned forward. "Laddy—I'm in the publishing business. And I can tell you that there isn't a damn thing you can't. . . ." He stopped abruptly and looked at Marriott for a moment with the bulging dark eyes. Then he pushed back his chair and said curtly: "Look, I'm tired of this pub. Let's go round the corner to my place."

There was a moment's pause. Ivor's eyes met Marriott's. He said: "I think Bob and I had better go back and rout out some food. . . ."

"That's all right. We can find something at home. Bread and cheese is the chef's own dish tonight, I expect. If there's any cheese."

Marriott began: "It's very. . . ." But before he could get it out Ivor said: "Well, that's damn nice of you, Bill." Marriott was surprised and disappointed and he tried to catch Ivor's eye again. But Ivor was looking at Brown and Brown was saying: "Fine. Then let's go. Only a few yards."

PROFESSOR SEWELL talked on. Lucy was easy to talk to, with that lively, intelligent face and the quick smile, and she was not shy of him any more. But hers wasn't an easy face to read.

"And then there comes a day when the mere facts about your age no longer mean anything. You know that you're no longer young. You know that your hair is grey, that you can't see print

so well without your glasses. Sometimes you catch yourself acting like an old man. But most of the time, because it's all come so slowly, you don't feel any different. I used to think when I was a young man that when a man's hair went a venerable white all the rest of him went a venerable white, too—that he no longer felt the things that I felt or needed the things that I needed. I thought he wanted to go slowly and peacefully to sleep. . . ."

Sewell suddenly grinned his boyish grin and said: "This is really your cue to say: 'But sixty-four isn't old.'"

Lucy said: "Are you really sixty-four?"

"Yes," said Sewell quickly. "Whereas you thought I was sixty-six."

For the first time she looked confused.

"There you are, you see," said Sewell bitterly. "The fact is that I'm forty years older than you. To me, that fact means nothing in particular. I therefore fail to realize that it means a great deal to you."

"I don't quite see what you mean."

"My dear girl, you're a very attractive young woman. If a man—*any* man—of under forty, say, had sat and looked at you and talked to you as I've been doing for the last two hours you would have assumed, shall we say, that he was very interested in you—that he wanted something. Wouldn't you?"

"Well, yes," said Lucy, still puzzled.

Sewell said: "All I'm trying to point out is that age has its compensations. I can take you out to dinner and talk about life at large, without any danger that you'll misunderstand my intentions."

"Oh, I see."

" . . . as you might with any man under forty." He smiled at her. "The privilege of age—to be harmless, even to pretty girls."

Lucy said: "Oh, yes. Sorry. I was being dense." She looked at the handsome old face and the silver hair, and it was on the tip of her tongue laughingly to question the harmlessness. But that would be cheek and he mightn't like it.

Sewell said: "Would you care for some fresh coffee?"

She glanced at her watch and said: "It's getting rather late. Oughtn't we to—?"

"No, no," he said heavily. "I've brought you out and talked all the time, whereas the whole idea was that you should talk." He pulled back his shoulders with a curious bracing movement and smiled his most brilliant smile. "Come on now—tell me all about yourself. Name—Lucy Byrne. Age twenty-four. Married or single? Single. How single?"

He was easy to talk to. His eyes were always calm and unsurprised and he knew a lot. He asked a certain number of questions about Ivor—mainly technical ones about his arms. But he didn't ask why Ivor didn't go into a home for the disabled. He knew about Marriott, too. "I take it that he's in love with you?"

It was quite easy to say: "He probably thinks so."

"And that you're very little, if at all, in love with him?"

That wasn't so easy, but if one was to be treated as an adult one must act like one. She said levelly: "I find him attractive physically. I don't know why."

"Why not?" said Sewell. "He's a good-looking boy." He was staring away into the distance. His face had dropped into the rather sullen elderly lines.

"Oh, yes. But there's something rather—rather humiliating about a purely physical attraction. If you're a female, anyhow." She was staring down at her coffee cup. "There are plenty of

people whom I like a lot more than—I like him. In a lot of ways I think he's irritating and—rather childish. But. . . ."

Sewell looked at the bent head and the shining black hair and the young breasts. Something was aching at the bottom of his throat.

He said very gently: "All men are childish to women, you know, just as all women are childish to men."

She looked up with a slight smile and said: "I suppose so. He's always telling me very solemnly and pompously that I'm a—sort of child in arms. . . ."

Sewell smiled back at her and said: "Of course. From his point of view you are." But he could do no more, and when she looked away he added wearily: "I shouldn't worry about it." Any man under forty. Armless men and harmless men, as long as they were under forty. But nothing to warm King David.

FROM the state of Bill Brown's shirt Marriott had expected him to live in digs or a bed-sitting room. But he took them to a mews house not far from Ivor's flat, and though there were children running and screaming in the mews and most of it looked battered and slummy in the lamp-light, the house itself was all cream paint and glazed chintz and speculative modern art. There was an excellent cold meal on the table.

Brown said: "Excuse me a moment," and went out, shouting "Mitzi!"

Ivor said: "Old Bill doesn't do himself badly, does he? He got this house for an absolute song."

Brown came back carrying a bottle. He said: "No Mitzi. Must have gone out." He seemed rather pleased about it. Marriott never gathered who Mitzi was, but the table was laid for two.

Brown displayed the bottle and said: "You will observe that the label says whisky. A small prize is offered for the best guess at what's in it." He had remembered straws for Ivor.

The drink tasted very like any other

whisky to Marriott, except that it had a slightly smoky flavour.

Ivor said: "It's a sort of stage Irish, with a bogus accent."

Brown said: "Anyhow, you drink it at your own risk. The management takes no responsibility." He swallowed his own in a quick gulp and said: "That's the best way to drink it. Then you don't get the taste of paraffin."

Marriott lay back in the big comfortable armchair, took his glasses off and began to polish them. One of his eyes seemed to be playing tricks.

The evening paper was lying on the table. Brown glanced at it and gave a snort. He said: "You will be astonished to hear that the Council of Foreign Ministers has broken up without reaching agreement on the agenda. My God, they can't even agree about the things they're going to disagree about. Come on, let's eat."

As they sat down he said to Marriott: "Have you any politics? Do scientists have politics? Or do they think it's all nonsense, like most intelligent people?"

Marriott pushed his glasses on firmly and put one hand over the eye that wouldn't focus. "In proportion as they have political views," he said, "they're bad scientists. Strong political views mean you can't have an open mind."

They were both looking at him with interest. He felt very clear and authoritative. It was irritating about his eye.

"That's true," said Brown. He leant over and rapidly cut Ivor's ham and galantine into conveniently sized pieces and put a piece to Ivor's mouth.

Marriott said: "There are certain things that everybody wants to do. Politics is just an opinion about how to do them."

"Oh, wait a bit, Bob," said Ivor. "Does everybody want to do the same things?"

"Yes," said Marriott firmly. "Everybody wants everybody to have enough to eat and nobody wants war. Things like that." He noticed that there was a plate of food in front of him. When they had been in the pub he had been hungry. He wasn't hungry now, but he started to eat.

"But if politics is just a question of method," said Brown, "surely the scientist must be a politician? He must have some ideas about how his work should be used." He gave Ivor another mouthful. "This stuff of yours—you must know what ought to be done with it. I mean—that it ought to be kept for England, or shared with America or."

"I don't give a damn about England or America," said Marriott loudly. The suggestion was somehow peculiarly irritating. "How much bubonic or typhus is there in England or America? It's in Asia that it's wanted. Let England and America have the bloody atomic bomb. It's no good—no constructive good—anyhow. Let Brewer and the physicists play around as much as they like as long as they don't blow the world up. But this could save half a million lives a year."

"Oh, come!" said Brown, with a smile.

"I tell you it could. Why, in India alone there've been years when a million people died of bubonic."

"He's probably right, you know," said Ivor. "We've no conception of the size of these things."

"Of course you haven't," said Marriott rudely. "But I have. It's my job."

Brown stared at him for a moment with the bulging dark eyes very wide open. Then he shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, I'm damned if I'd like to sit quietly eating my dinner with the lives of half a million people in my hands."

"They're not in my hands," said

Continued on page 27



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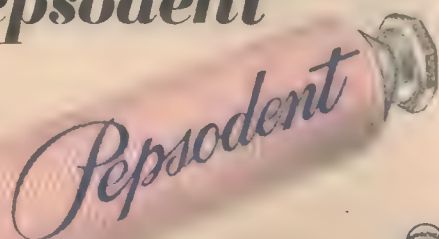
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A SORT OF TRAITORS

Continued from page 25

Marriott bitterly. "I wish to God they were. If I were in old Sewell's place. . ."

"Who's old Sewell?"

"My Professor."

"Oh, I see. So it's really his work?"

"No, it's not," said Marriott angrily. His eyes were focusing better now. "If it's anybody's it's Shole's and mine. And another chap who's dead. We've done the donkey work. But Sewell's responsible. If I were in his place I'd tell them to go to hell. But, of course, he's got no guts. And Shole's worse. He likes being bossed about. He's got no—no sense of responsibility to"—he hesitated—"to everybody."

"To mankind," said Brown gently.

"Well, that's what it comes to," said Marriott defensively. "Doesn't it? It's no good saying you're a scientist if you haven't got a sense of responsibility." Suddenly and inexplicably he felt his eyes blur with tears. He blinked hard and reached for his glass to cover his surprise and confusion.

Brown said: "Look, don't drink any more of that muck. It might easily poison you. Let's have some coffee."

"Sure," said Marriott, smiling. He had blinked his eyes clear. Apart from their sudden watering, he had never felt less like crying in his life. While Brown was getting the coffee Ivor said: "You all right?" He was smiling that queer smile of intimate affection.

Marriott said: "I'm fine." The food had been a good thing.

WHEN Brown came back he handed round the coffee, looked at Marriott and said: "When we were in the pub you said a queer thing. That scientists were completely under the thumb of governments."

"Well, aren't they?"

"Nobody's ever under anybody's thumb unless he chooses to be."

"Bunkum!" said Ivor briskly.

"I'm going to ask you some questions," said Brown, ignoring Ivor still. "And I particularly don't want you to answer them if you think you shouldn't. But if you feel you can, then I'm going to tell you something that may interest you." He paused, lit a cigarette and put it between Ivor's lips. His face was serious and abstracted. "This work of yours," he said slowly, "has been stopped—or at least publication of it has been stopped—for security reasons. As a scientist you think that's wrong. But you're not only a scientist—you're an Englishman. As an Englishman do you think it wrong?"

"I don't quite get you," said Marriott, frowning.

"Well, do you think the security of this country would be—would be compromised if it were published?"

"It's knowledge," said Marriott. "And any knowledge can be misused."

"But as a patriotic Englishman. . .?"

Marriott smiled. "I'm afraid I'm not a patriotic Englishman," he said sarcastically. "At least, not that sort, thank God. I'm a scientist and science doesn't stop at the English Channel. I happen to think that people who live in India or—or China matter, too."

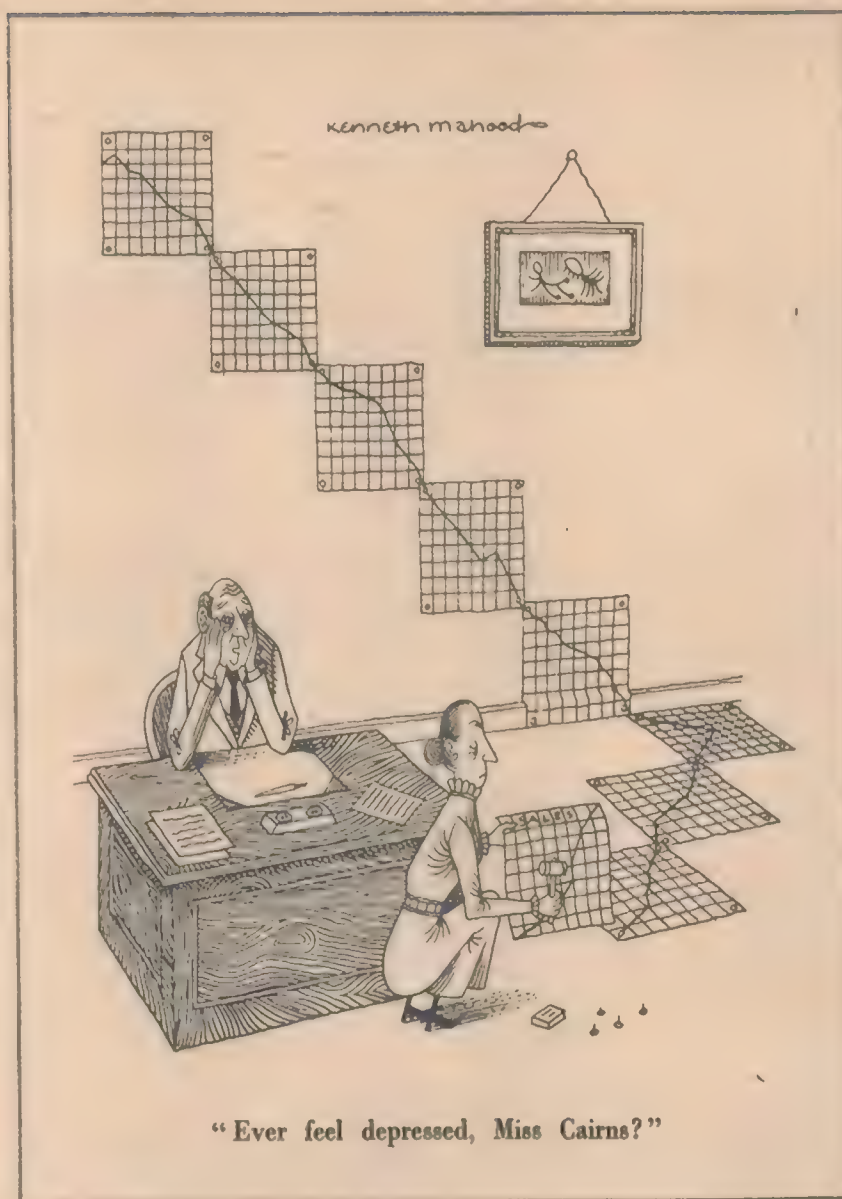
"Then you can lay your hand on your heart and say that if you were the Cabinet or whoever it is, you'd publish this stuff and take the chance?"

"Of course I would," said Marriott rather irritably. "I've already said so. If I were in Sewell's place. . ."

Brown nodded. "Right. Now, if you were going to publish it, what would you publish it in? Some scientific periodical, I suppose? I mean—you just want it to get to other scientists?"

"Yes. And chiefly research people at this stage."

Brown squashed out his cigarette.



"Ever feel depressed, Miss Cairns?"

"Well," he said calmly, "if I were to tell you that it *could* be put in the hands of other scientists in every other country in the world, would you be interested?"

There was a dead silence. Then Marriott swallowed and said: "Of course I should be interested. But. . ."

"But what?"

"Well—I mean. . . how?"

"This isn't my line of country," said Brown. "I'm a publisher, and I don't know anything about science. But I do know that this problem of yours has cropped up before and that there's some sort of an organization which exists to cope with it. That's all."

Ivor said: "What sort of organization?"

"I think it's called the International Scientific Exchange. I gather that it's got members among scientists all over the world—people who believe that there ought to be no national barriers in science. And it exists for the private exchange of information between scientists. I don't know who runs it or where its headquarters are. Probably in America, I think."

"I've never heard of it," said Marriott.

"Maybe not," said Brown dryly. "Nor have many other people. But you probably know some people who—have heard of it. Do you know Grossman?"

"Grossman of Harvard? Yes, of course. Does he belong to it?"

"I didn't say he belonged to it, I was only asking if you knew him." Brown lit a new cigarette. "I was shown some of the papers they produce—one thing, anyhow. It was about plastics. It didn't mean anything to me, but apparently it was rather important and somebody was sitting on it, so it—leaked."

Ivor said: "You know, Bill, this is one of the most cheering things I've

heard for a long time. The scientific boys are just refusing to be muzzled, eh?"

"Apparently."

"But how do they get away with it?" said Marriott. "I mean, why doesn't somebody get run in or—?"

"Who is there to run in? The stuff isn't signed and there's no printer's name on it. It's just—information. I thought you might possibly know about the whole thing, being in the scientific racket."

Marriott shook his head. There was a metallic taste in his mouth and he drank some coffee. He said: "How's the stuff obtained? I mean—who does what?"

"I don't know. As I say, I don't know much about it. But if you're interested I can introduce you to someone who does." He blew down his nose and stared at Marriott almost defiantly.

Ivor said: "But one could hardly expect Bob to. . ."

"I'm not expecting him to do anything. He was complaining that it wasn't possible to get stuff published without official blessing and I'm saying it is. That's all."

There was a long silence. Marriott was staring at the floor. His eyes were

focusing properly now. After a while he looked up and met the bulgy dark eyes.

"That's very interesting," he said mildly. "Awfully interesting. One hands over the information to—to somebody. . ."

Brown said shortly: "I've no idea what one does."

Marriott took out a cigarette and lit it slowly and with care. "It's a thing that one would have to be a little careful about, isn't it?"

"Of course. I don't suggest that it's legal in the usual sense. . ."

Marriott smiled slightly. "I wasn't thinking so much about that. I mean you'd want to know who you were dealing with." He stared straight at Brown, but the bulgy eyes never flickered.

Brown said: "Naturally."

"Still," said Marriott coldly, "it's an interesting idea and one I'd like to think about. Thanks for telling me." He glanced at his watch and then at Ivor. "Oughtn't we to go?"

It was only a few hundred yards to Ivor's flat. Brown walked with them to the door, and it wasn't until they were going upstairs that they were alone.

Marriott took the key out of Ivor's pocket and let them in. Ivor said: "Light switch on the right," and walked across to the gas fire. He pushed the tap on with his foot and flicked the self-lighter with a quick movement of his toe. The gas lit with a pop.

Glancing round, Marriott saw a handbag on a shelf. It was a brown leather bag, rather worn. He recognized it and remembered for the first time that this was where Lucy lived.

Ivor smiled at him rather wryly, and said: "Before we talk, I wonder if you'd do something for me? I can't take my own shoes off and these are too tight. . ."

Marriott blushed and said: "Sure. . ."

"It's the sort of thing I hate asking—and have to ask all the time. . .". Ivor sat down with the odd lurching movement and held out his foot. It was difficult to pull the shoes off, and Marriott was stupidly afraid of hurting him.

Ivor's slippers were beside the gas fire and he put out his feet in turn and skilfully hooked his toes into them. He smiled at Marriott and said: "You can't imagine what a relief it is to—have things like that done by male hands."

"Why?" said Marriott uncomfortably.

"If you'd ever been entirely dependent on a woman you'd know. Light us both cigarettes, will you? I'm extremely sorry I let you in for that."

"What—with Brown? Oh—that's all right. Very interesting."

"Very interesting," said Ivor. He smiled in that almost coy, feminine way as Marriott lit his cigarette.

Marriott hesitated and then answered the intimate smile. "What I'd really like to know," he said, "is what his game is."

"Brown's?"

"Yes. I mean—it's a very pretty story, this business about an International Scientific Exchange, but there's one obvious hole in it, which he'd realize if he were a scientist. Even if stuff were published without being signed, everybody in the same line would know which lab. it had come from by the sort of stuff it was. Or at least that it had come from one of two, say. This stuff of ours—everybody would know it came from Sewell's department whether it was signed or not."

"But would that help them?"

"They'd know that one of half a dozen people had let it out."

"Quite. But they wouldn't be able to

IT'S TO BE FILMED

A SORT OF TRAITORS is to be filmed by Alexander Korda. The screen version goes into production at Shepperton this month. The star is Richard Attenborough and the director Anthony Kimmins. This will be the third Nigel Balchin novel to reach the screen.

News of all forthcoming film productions appears in Picturegoer, price threepence at all bookstalls, which resumes weekly publication this week.

do anything because they wouldn't know which."

"Well, frankly, I didn't believe a word of it. Or not much of it, anyhow."

Ivor closed his eyes. He was still smiling to himself. "But were you intended to?" he said gently. "After all, it was a nice story. You mustn't be carpingly critical."

"You think—he didn't mean me to believe it?"

Ivor opened his eyes. "Come, come, Bob. He knows that you're a person of the highest intelligence. Surely he'd assume that you'd read between the lines? After all, he doesn't know you very well. You could hardly expect him to slap all the cards on the table."

Marriott hesitated. "He's a—an agent for somebody who wants to get hold of the stuff?"

"Presumably," said Ivor calmly. "Of course, this is all as new to me as it is to you. I only know him as a pub acquaintance. But that would be my guess."

"And mine. Then who's he working for? Is he an Englishman?"

"I don't know. But does it matter, anyway?"

Marriott reflected for a moment.

"What do you think I ought to do?" he said rather helplessly. "Go to the police?"

"The police?" said Ivor, raising his eyebrows. He hesitated for a moment.

"Well, of course, you could do that."

"I don't suppose anything he said tonight would—would prove anything, he was too careful. But it might put them on the track of something."

"It might. If you thought it was the right thing to do."

"Why? Don't you?"

There was a long pause. Ivor was staring unseeing at a corner of the room. His face was oddly puckered, as though with pain.

"I—have no opinion," he said in a low voice. "How could I have? I've told you—I don't come into any of these things any longer. I'm not personally concerned." He smiled rather painfully. "I'm not even an Englishman."

Marriott said: "I should think you've earned the right to regard yourself as an Englishman if anybody has."

Ivor flashed him a quick look of gratitude. "Thank you, Bob," he said quietly. "Half an Englishman, anyhow. But even so I've no right to an opinion."

"I don't care whether you've got a right to one or not," said Marriott impatiently. "I want to know what you think. You don't like the idea of going to the police?"

Ivor hesitated. Then he turned his sunken face almost defiantly and said:

"All right then. No. I don't."

"Why not?"

"Because, you see, you—you led Brown into this to some extent. You implied that if you had your way you'd publish your stuff at once. You told

him that science wasn't something that stopped at the English Channel—and so on." Ivor smiled. "Of course, I realize that that was just conversation. But he wasn't to know. You might really feel like that."

Marriott frowned. "But I—I do feel like that," he said slowly. "So does every intelligent person."

"Quite. But that doesn't stop them from going to the police if there's any question of stuff crossing the English Channel." Ivor smiled wryly. "The world's full of people who're internationalists—as long as their own country stays on top."

There was a long silence.

"But surely it's quite a different thing?" said Marriott doubtfully. "I mean—if there really were an International Scientific what-not, there might be something to be said for it. But if he's just working for another country..."

"Well?" said Ivor gently.

"Well, why should anybody give it to him? I'm not a—a sort of Kipling patriot. I think the world matters more than England. But I don't think any particular country does."

"And so you think that unless they can be given to the whole world the good things should be kept exclusively for England? If the Indians are to go on dying of bubonic, the Chinese should die of it, too?"

"Of course not."

"But isn't that what you're saying? Surely that's where you land as soon as you stop thinking about people and start thinking about 'countries'? If a thing ought to be generally known, isn't it a good thing for anybody to know it, whatever his nationality or colour?"

Ivor shifted himself restlessly in his chair and closed his eyes. "I tell you," he said with weary bitterness, "I see these things differently from you. I've nothing to lose or gain any more. It's easy for me to—to think of people just as people and—to wish them well..."

He suddenly threw up his head. His eyes were still closed but there were tears on his cheeks. "If it could only have been me..." he said in a half-strangled voice. "If only I could have been in your place. It would have been so much easier for everybody..."

"Why?" said Marriott.

"Because I've nothing to lose," said Ivor huskily. "Because I'm beyond the reach of nationalities. Because nobody can touch me and I should only have to think of—of what was the right thing. Whereas you've got—two arms. And if you've got two arms they can tie you up..." He shook his head sharply as if to clear it and opened his eyes.

"You'd better go home, Bob," he said quietly. "It's getting late."

Marriott swallowed something. "Let me get this clear," he said. "You're saying that you'd give this stuff to Brown..."

"Give it to Brown?" said Ivor, with



"Gosh, Miss Watson—what a day!"

a tiny smile. "I'd never give anything to Bill except a drink. He's a no good."

"No. But you'd be willing to hand it over to—to a foreign Power? If you were in my place? You'd think that was right?"

Ivor slowly shook his head.

"No," he said. "That's not what I'm saying. I'm saying that if I were in your place—but in my state, mark you—I should be able to work out what I thought was right and then do it. I shouldn't have to bother about what the Government thought or what the Blimps thought or what any other damn person thought. I should just have to take the responsibility of trusting my own judgment, wherever it led me."

He paused. "On the other hand," he added, smiling, "if I were a fit young man with a life and a career in front of me, I should certainly feel as you do and stay safely on the side of the big battalions."

"It's not a question of—of being safe," said Marriott. "It's..."

"All right. Then let's say I should act like a proper patriot. Going to the police, and soon."

"No, I can quite see what you mean about going to the police. I said that

without thinking. It's—it's just the way one's been brought up."

"Exactly. The whole thing's a matter of how one's been brought up."

"And I can see you're right about it not really mattering who Brown's working for. Everybody ought to have the stuff. But—well, a chap you meet in a pub, who tells you some childish yarn—it's all so—hole-in-the-corner. Dirty. Seedy. D'you see what I mean? One can't feel that that could be the right way of doing anything. You half expect the next thing'll be that he'll offer you ten pounds as a bribe, or some black market cigarettes."

Ivor laughed. "That's it. That's Brown exactly. 'Hist! Want any petrol coupons, mister?'" He shook his head. "But that's the snag. The whole thing is dirty and seedy. But what made it dirty in the first place was the refusal to let you publish—the refusal to let other nations have something that they ought to have. As soon as you get dirt on one side you get dirt on the other. And here, for once, there's no doubt who started it."

"It's that bloody man Brewer and the physicists," said Marriott moodily.

"No, it isn't," said Ivor gently. "It isn't Brewer on one side or Brown on the other or even our beloved Government. It's just you and me, Bob, and all the other people like us—the people who won't think, and if they do, don't trust their own answers."

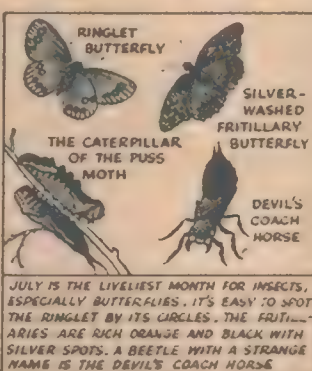
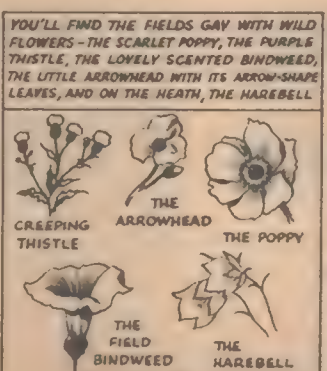
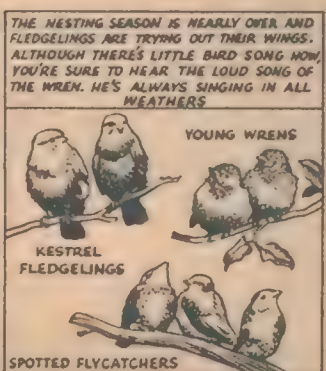
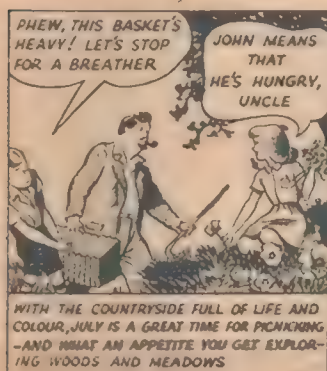
He closed his eyes and his head fell forward on to his chest. "Keep out," he muttered indistinctly. "Keep out. You'll only get hurt if you don't. Let somebody else take the responsibility—and get the kicks."

Marriott said suddenly: "Of course the person who ought to do something about this is Sewell."

Ivor raised his head. His eyes were very bright and his smile showed the brilliant white teeth. "That's right, Bob," he said. "Sewell. He ought to do it. There's always somebody else who ought to do it, thank God."

To be continued next week

UNCLE ANDY



Time For A Picnic

THE REAL AMERICA

Continued from page 8

wife, Betty, were excited at having us, visitors from an ancient world, staying in their house. They delighted in serving what they called typical American meals: huge plates of meat with sweet potatoes, or more often no potatoes at all, and salads consisting of lettuce, pineapple and mayonnaise.

But soon arguments began. There was always a certain clash of personality between Wesley and myself, but in England we had got on very well and our political views had not seemed very far apart. Now, we would argue about America whenever we sat down.

At breakfast I would read the comic page of the *Cincinnati Inquirer* with an amusement tempered with distaste for the obvious sadism which inspired most of the strips. If I mentioned this element to Wesley he would immediately defend the comics which, he rightly pointed out, were read by almost every American.

Or I would chuckle at the clearly dishonest manipulations of America's professional politicians at election time. Wesley would break in with a passionate defence of the American political system and an attack on British Socialism.

It was as if he and Betty, being Americans in America, had to defend their country at all costs. And we, in our turn, found ourselves sticking up for such institutions as the House of Lords (which we ordinarily believe should be abolished) merely because we were British.

Decided To Go West

So, although an outwardly harmonious arrangement existed between the two couples, and Dorothea showed Betty how a trifle was made, with the result that we had trifle (hitherto unknown to this American cook) every night for two weeks, there was a tension that had to be broken.

The sight of the fast automobiles continually whizzing through the village at a speed above the 55 m.p.h. speed limit, and the calm, wide Ohio River flowing westward at the other side of the house, made us want to follow many generations of would-be settlers and Go West.

We counted up what we had left from the money we had been allowed to take out of England as writers, and found we had less than a thousand dollars. This was not enough to buy a reliable car, let alone supply us with a place to sleep and meals throughout the country. Even the motels, colonies of frame or concrete huts dotted along every highway, charged four dollars a night for the hire of a hut, and restaurant meals cost at least a dollar.

The only possibility seemed to be an old car hitched on to an old caravan, but it was without much hope that I started to hitch-hike to Cincinnati to see what I could find. In every American town there is a used-car lot, and in Cincinnati it stretched almost solidly for five miles along a main road out of town.

Shrill Competition

American used-car dealers are traditionally dishonest, and I was warned that I must expect to be "done." Acutely conscious of my innocence, I began to walk along the lots. With signs five feet high, they screamed at me in shrill competition: "This Is The Place For Bargains!" "Now, Now, Now—We're Practically Giving 'Em Away!!!" (there wasn't a car under fifteen hundred dollars on the lot), and so on.

I went into the least objectionable-looking one. "I want a convertible and a trailer," I said. The three men looked round at me. A large man in a brilliant check suit and a wide-brimmed hat sitting at the one desk, took his cigar out of his mouth and laid down the *Racing*

Form. "Sure, son, sure," he said. "We got just the job you're looking for. Ed, show him."

Ed, a little old wizened man with broad shoulders that could not possibly have belonged to him, started to lead the way. "One moment," I cried to the giant who had gone back to his paper. "How much?"

"That don't mean a thing, son," he beamed. "You got some money, huh? Well, we can finance the rest."

"I don't think I want that," I called out over my shoulder, for the little man was pulling me out to see a newish Buick convertible and a large trailer with two bedrooms. They wanted six thousand dollars for the set.

"Like it, son?" said the check suit as I tried to slip past the hut on my way out. "Come in and we'll talk about it."

Just A Few Hundred

They were all smoking cigars now and had the smiles of gourmands eyeing a succulent roast. I was thankful I had left the bulk of our money at home. "Now, son," began the ringleader of what I now regarded as a gang, "you like that car and trailer, don't you?"

I said I did, but as it wasn't in my price range I thought it better not to waste their time further. "Don't you worry about the money, son. Just hand over a few hundred bucks, sign this form to make the rest of the payments and a little interest, give us a couple of references and your social security number, and you can practically drive 'em away."

Then I told him I was a foreigner, I didn't have a job in America, I could never pay him the money, and that I had better go. As a point of information, however, how much was the interest on a loan like that?

"Oh, very little. Not more than fifty per cent."

The more I walked around looking at other "bargains," the more disheartened I became. I was thinking of giving up and returning to Higginsport when I bought the evening paper. And there was a classified advertisement which said: "For Sale, 1936 Ford V8 school bus, 500 dollars."

Huge And Bright Yellow

I telephoned Ken Hughes, the advertiser, and arranged for him to drive the bus to a corner of Cincinnati, where I would be waiting in a drug store. It turned out to be a huge and ridiculous bright yellow motor coach. Ken pushed open the door by means of an iron bar contraption, and I climbed up the two steps into our future home.

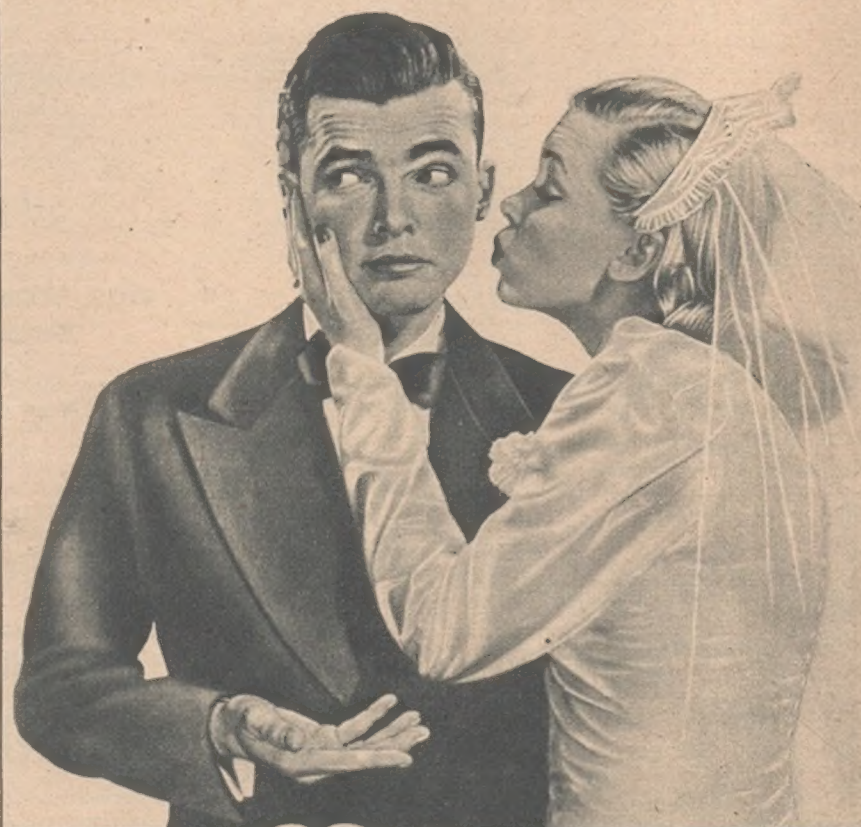
It had long seats down each side and six double seats in the middle. There was a door either side of the driver and an emergency exit at the back. I couldn't think how we could fix it up, but it was roomy, apparently in good condition, and above all within our means. "I'll take it," I said. So we had a covered wagon of our own.

Ken Hughes told me that I should save money if I registered it over the river, in Kentucky, since Ohio was a "good" state, meaning that it charged high taxes and built good roads and schools. Kentucky charged me only a quarter of the registration fee Ohio would have asked, and its social services suffered accordingly.

The bus itself had taken fifty children to school every day for the last ten years. Now the State of Ohio had decreed that all vehicles over ten years old must be replaced with newer and safer ones. Most of them would eventually be sold to poor Southern states, where the authorities were not so concerned about the safety of their charges, particularly the Negro children, many of whom are driven to school in obvious death traps.

Back in Higginsport, Wesley and

When a man's married - his troubles begin!



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RULES

1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fee not exceeding 2s. if coupon personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Aug. 6 and in JOHN BULL dated Aug. 13, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

641 Clos. &
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MON., JULY 18

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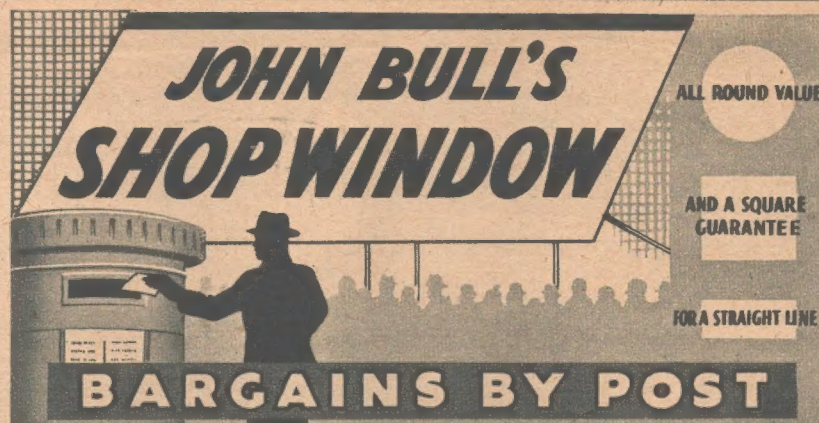
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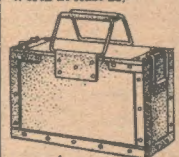
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